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THE CONCLAVE.

HOW THE POPE IS ELECTED.

THE narrative of even one conclave is the record of a series of *coup d'états*. Led by the light of history through those assemblies whence the *profanum vulgus* is banished, we find pure-minded, honest electors always in the majority; but we meet also ambitious cardinals, leagued with intriguing nobles, unscrupulous, overbearing, and scheming ambassadors. In searching history to the remotest antiquity, to the very day when the dawn of peace shed a first light over the horizon of the church militant, it is worth observing that no transaction in court, republic, or faction, was ever attended with so much true earnestness, or looked to with more anxious interest, an interest never abating, nay gathering intensity as the ages of the Church crowd on one another. The honest student of history stands amazed at the fact, that of two hundred and more than one score elections of Pontiff kings, so very few have been marred by dissensions, caused by timid, venal, or simoniacal prelates, playing in the hand of renegade princes, or republican factions, whilst in almost all cases a wonder-

ful harmony and an unruffled tranquillity reigned in the midst of electoral elements, oftentimes not only heterogeneous but of many tongues and clashing interests.

How wonderful that Providence forever watching over the welfare of Christ's Church! Outsiders, to whom electors had pledged or sold themselves, may, in some very rare case, have successfully influenced an election, but no sooner was the candidate invested with the insignia of infallible Doctor, than in matters of faith and morals and in the vital interests of temporals the shackles were broken and cast off.

But during those sittings, at times boisterous, again protracted beyond the most forbearing expectation, in every instance, sooner or later, a voice was heard, which stilled the tumults. Fain would we give the result of our studies of every conclave, but it cannot be done within the procrustean limits of a magazine article.

We shall only give an outline of the principal rules, established by many popes, and sanctioned by many assemblies of cardinals in con-

clave met, for the guidance of the Roman court, on the occasion of a pontiff's death.

Our motive in writing this paper is to give our readers an authentic exposé of how things should be, but under present circumstances may not be allowed, when the sad necessity will occur of choosing a successor to our venerable and beloved Pope Pius IX. May he outlive even the longest lived of all his predecessors, Gregory IX.*

Yet *the day* shall come, when the whole world will mourn over the grave of one of the greatest among the great. We say "all the world," for even his enemies, the most puissant children of this generation, will tremble at the death of his vicegerent on earth, *per quem reges regnant et domini dominantur*.

We cannot disguise our apprehensions. Every morn we awake with a heart preoccupied by fear, lest the dread news have thrown a pall over the face of the earth.

Then we ask a question which one is afraid to answer, How shall the election of a new pontiff be consummated? Shall there be a conclave, free and untrammelled? The enemies of the Papacy and of the Church are determined that there shall be none. Senseless men! When the destinies of Europe were held in the hollow of *one* man's hand, that man had sent forth his *fiat*, that not the cardinals but *he* will give the Church a head. But hark! even whilst the world stood aghast, amazed at the impotent threat, and seemed paralyzed with fear, as

the thunder of command which brooked no dissent was yet heard rumbling with dismal roar over the earth; hark! a whisper at first, then a sweet voice welling up from the bosom of the Queen of the Sea, wafts the joyous tidings to the farthest ends of the world, that a Pope was elected; aye, and that Pope lived a great length of days, and reigned with power, and at last chained the persecutor of his children on a barren rock in mid-ocean.

Then it is not a matter of little interest to know how the choice of a Vicar of Christ is made. We shall tell our readers the leading features, to prepare their souls for coming events.

If what has been done for ages should be prevented by the powers of darkness, holding the sway, for the nonce, our faith shall be strengthened by the new ways of Providence, which are not the ways of man.

We draw from the authentic sources of Papal constitutions, and the ceremonial of the Roman court.

The moment the death of the Supreme Pontiff is announced, the Cardinal *Camerlengo*, dressed in sombre purple and accompanied by the prelates in waiting (*chierisi della camera*), repairs to the Pontifical Palace to take a deposition of the fact and to identify the body. A proper document is accordingly drawn by the notaries of the *Camera Apostolica*, and sworn to. He receives the Fisherman's Ring from his holiness's master in waiting. Said ring is afterwards broken at a first meeting of the cardinals, and thus broken is shown to and recognized by every one of them.

The Cardinal *Datario* (by which name is known the Cardinal Prince, S. R. E., who signs all constitutions, briefs, and bulls from the supreme Pontiff), and the several under-secretaries who may have signet-rings of the deceased, surrender them to an appointed prelate, who afterwards breaks them at the afore-

* Gregory IX, an Italian, was raised to St Peter's chair (March 10th, 1227) when more than fourscore years old. He reigned in one of the stormiest periods of European history. Frederick II, Barbarossa, was his powerful adversary. He gave no peace to the Papacy; but Gregory proved himself equal to the emergencies to the last. He died in August, A.D. 1241. Many parallels could be instituted between the events which occurred during his pontificate and that of Pius IX, although the historian will not fail to point to the persecutions and storms which the latter has outlived, and which he fairly bids to quell at last and to conquer. Words fail to express the well-grounded hopes the Catholics have of peaceful years yet in store for the present vicar of Christ. *Deus facessat!*

mentioned first meeting of the cardinals.

Formerly, should there be residing in the palace a Cardinal *Padrone*, by which name a nearest relative of the deceased is known, or other relatives (nepotism is extinct now), they were to depart at once, and the Cardinal Camerlengo would take possession of both palaces, Vatican and Quirinal, and make an inventory of all articles of furniture in the name of the Camera Apostolica. The latter is a department in the Roman court, strictly ecclesiastical, yet takes cognizance of all that belongs to the temporalities of the Pontiff, and of the Church. Over it presides the Cardinal Camerlengo.

Meanwhile the huge bell at the capitol sends forth its lugubrious peals—well-nigh four hundred churches join in a slow solemn dirge—re-echoed from all parts of Christendom. Only when the children of the faith are orphaned does the earth resound with such a dirge of grief and sorrow.

The captain of the police, with the banner of the capitol ward floating in the air, escorted by a squad of armed men, and marching at the sound of fife and drum, unbolts the prisons and sets free such as are guilty of minor offences. Heavier criminals have been secured in Castle St. Angelo at the approach of the sovereign's death.

The Cardinal Camerlengo leaves the Pontifical Palace, and surrounded by a body of troops repairs to his own residence, where the seat of government is, for the nonce, located. He strikes coin with his coat of arms, yet charged above with the seal of the vacant See, decussated keys, for their field the Gonfalon of the Church; the exergue *Sede Vacante*. He administers all affairs of state, conjointly with three cardinals, the deans of the three orders of bishops, priests, and deacons.

The Camerlengo also appoints officers over the various departments of

the Pontifical household in lieu of those who served under the deceased Prince. Of all dignitaries only three retain their offices, viz.: The Camerlengo, the Cardinal Vicar of Rome, and the Cardinal Penitentiary. All the courts, tribunals, and *congregazioni*, even the Rota Romana and the Datary, are suspended from the exercise of their functions. This was decreed by a special bull of Pope Pius IV.

Guards are doubled and new posts placed to prevent risings of the people and factions, both in the city and throughout the Papal States.

Of course, all these precautions should take place in the normal state of the Pontifical government. In the present situation a higher Providence will watch over the fortunes of God's chosen people.

The funerals over the remains of the deceased Popes last nine days—hence called *novendialia*. Twenty-four hours after the Pontiff's death, the body is recognized anew, a second document of identification is drawn up by Pontifical notaries, and the remains are intrusted to the surgeons of the household, for the purpose of embalment. The body, dressed in white woollen cassock, mozzetta, and red *camanro* or skull-cap, is then laid in state in one of the reception halls, under a canopy, four large tapers burning all the time, and attended by a number of reverend *Penitenzieri* and some Swiss Guards.

If the Pontiff has breathed his last at the Quirinal, the body is carried to the Vatican, one hour after sunset of the day on which it has been embalmed. No more solemn nor more wofully impressive pageant can be imagined than this mortuary procession. Both religious and worldly elements are so blended, that, like all ceremonies of the Pontifical court, or of the Vatican church, this pageant impresses the beholder as something not of this earth, but as a blending of heaven and earth. It tells of the height to which the spirit

that once *informed* those remains has ascended; it is the reflection of a supernatural Deity, a thing unearthly; a great power seems indeed to have passed away, yet that power's elements are still great and strong, nay, never stronger. *Le Roi est mort, vive le Roi!*

Even from that bier, the greatest majesty of the world, breathless and motionless though it lies, yet seems to reign!

The mortuary procession winds its way through the principal avenues of the "City of the Soul," with muffled drums and trumpets hoarse. The litter, open at the sides and at the feet, lined with crimson cloth and golden lace, is carried by two white mules, and on it lies the remains dressed as stated above, yet with the addition of the usual broad-brimmed hat.

Fain would we give all the very minutest details as regards the prelates and the soldiers, monks and artillery, priests on horseback, and officers on foot, the heavy rumbling of the cannon-truck and the soft tread of the sandalled Capuchin friar, the significant and mysterious absence of Roman patricians, as well as Roman nobles, and the in vain looked for members of the Apostolic College.

We have followed the pageant to Constantine's Stairs. Here four Penitenzieri lift the honored remains out of the litter.

How appropriate and mystical is every, even the smallest, rubric of the Church! Only to those revered dignitaries, to whom the dispensations of Christ's mercies are intrusted upon earth, to their keeping only is the body of the departed Father of Christendom intrusted. Dispensers of Christ's treasures of mercy, by Christ's vicar intrusted to them, they perform the last duty of piety, brighten the sable pall of death with the aspirations of everlasting hope! Yea, yea; heaven and earth are blended in these sublime offices!

Those ministers of mercy gather from the sorrowing and prayerful band of Catholic children the grains from the censer, sending up, in charge of the archangel, the orisons craving mercy and forgiveness for the soul of him who has just surrendered the power of the Keys.

The body is transferred on a noble bier to the Sistine chapel, where, by the hands of the said Penitenzieri, it is robed in pontifical vestments, as when, informed by the soul, he was about offering the solemn sacrifice. Thus, with the golden mitre on its head, the body is laid on the catafalco, the tapers burning around it, the Fathers all the time reciting appropriate prayers, whilst the Swiss Guard encircle the mournful group.

On the following morning, the Chapter and Clergy of the Vatican Basilica relieve the Penitenzieri of their trust, and the body is given to their keeping. As the Sacred College of Cardinals enter the chapel the responsory *Subvenite Sancti* is chanted, the dean of the canons recites the *Lord's Prayer*, holy water is sprinkled in due form, and the usual supplications for Prayers of Requiem are offered.

These preliminary obsequies performed, eight canons of the Vatican lift the body, and the cross leading the way, the rest of the Chapter, the Cardinals in dark purple dress, and all the household prelates in black cassocks and mantelletta (the costume *sede vacante*), each bearing lit tapers, and chanting the prescribed prayers, proceed to the centre of the Basilica, to the front of St. Peter's Confession. There a Canon Bishop pronounces the solemn Benediction. These services completed, they carry the corpse to the chapel of the Blessed Sacrament; they lay it within the iron chancel, which is afterwards locked, yet in such a wise that the feet resting on the front railing, an opportunity is given the faithful to print on them a kiss of love and filial reverence.

If the Pope dies at the Vatican, the procession is dispensed with and the body is privately conveyed to the Basilica.

Thus are the remains allowed to lie for three days. On the evening of the third the cardinals who have been raised to the Sacred College by the defunct Pontiff repair to the chapel to assist at the sad duty of a last disposal, the which is performed in the following manner :

The body is transferred to the Chapter's chapel; the absolution is pronounced by an archbishop or bishop, and all usual prayers with accompanying ceremonies are concluded; it is then laid in a coffin built of cypress wood, into which the majordomo deposits medals of gold, silver, and copper, coined during His Holiness's reign, and in number corresponding to the years of it. By the cardinal nephew, if any such be there, or the surviving oldest appointed by the deceased, or, finally by Monsignor Master of the Chamber, the face is covered with a white linen, and a winding-sheet of crimson cloth laid over the whole corpse. The mournful duty is then performed of laying down the lid, screwing it on the bevels and sealing it; and thus a second coffin, incasing the first, and made of lead, in which the family coat of arms and appropriate epitaphs and inscriptions are inclosed, is also sealed with the signets of the Cardinal Camerlengo and of the majordomo. Both coffins are then incased in a third of wood. Thus arranged, the coffins are placed under the great dome of the Basilica under St. Peter's Confession.

Many are the officials of the highest and lowest grade who are called upon to assist at the final disposal of the Pontiff's remains.

The funeral expenses are defrayed by the *Camera Apostolica*, as far as regards the obsequies, as also the noble mausoleum, which is raised for the occasion, in the centre of the

great basilica, bearing in escutcheons, medallions and figures the representation of the main works achieved during the late pontificate; the whole illumined to an admirable effect, especially in the night hours, by wax lights innumerable.

During the *novendialia* requiem masses are offered every day in the many chapels of the Basilica, but a solemn one is sung the first day by the Cardinal Dean, and on the following days by others, according to rank, the sacred college assisting. At the close of each solemn mass the prescribed absolutions are performed.

During the last three days the ceremonies are even more imposing, inasmuch as the masses are sung by cardinal, bishops, and priests, assisted by four *eminentissimi*, each in turn sprinkling the body with holy water, and incensing it, in strict compliance with the Roman Pontifical.

On the last day, the chosen Prelate recites the concluding prayer *in funere*, and thus are the expiatory offices brought to a close.

The grandeur of these last rites is of a nature that can be realized only by such as have had the mournful privilege of witnessing them. The *inspired* (we may well be allowed the word) prayers so teeming with faith and love and hope, the solemn bearing, devout appearance, sorrowful mien of the ministers who address the Father of mercies in behalf of him whom they hope to see again in the realms of the Church triumphant, invest the soul of the believer with emotions which are not of this earth, and therefore, cannot be described. They are felt only according as the heart is properly prepared.

We have thus far outlined the ceremonies by means of which the widowed spouse of the High Priest and the orphaned children of the Most Holy Father manifest their love and sorrow. It now becomes our task to enter upon a description of the preliminaries which pave the

way and interest the Church triumphant in behalf of the militant for the great act which shall culminate in the announcement of a great joy to all Christendom—*Gaudium Magnum*. . . . *Habemus Papam*. . . . Le Pape est mort! vive le Pape!

On the third day after the Pontiff's demise, the cardinals, dressed in dark purple, repair to the dressing hall (*sala de' Paramenti*) in the Vatican Basilica. The first general meeting (*congregazione*) is to be held. After the recital of prescribed prayers the Pontifical Constitutions are read, by which the rules of conclave are prescribed, and the laws for the administration of the government, *sede vacante*, have been framed: the first (*Ubi periculum*) issued at the council of Lyons (A.D. 1274), by Gregory X, the last (*Apostolicum officium*) by Clement XII (October 5th, 1751), six in all. At this point the Fisherman's Ring, and other signets and seals, whereof we have spoken above, are presented. Monsignor Prodatory delivers into the cardinal's hands a casket, wherein sundry petitions are inclosed and which is intrusted to the care of two of the Prelates in waiting, also another box containing briefs; the governor of Rome is confirmed in his office, and two amongst the most distinguished prelates are chosen, one to recite the prayer *in funere* on the last day of the novendialia, and another to offer the prayer *de eligendo summo Pontifice*. Lastly, three *eminentissimi* are by secret ballot appointed to superintend the construction of the conclave.

In a *second* congregation, assembled in the vestry, the several superior officers or magistrates of the city and of the Papal States are confirmed, the *conservatori* (i. e., the magistrates presiding over the wards of the city) are admitted to an audience, and the cardinals chosen to superintend the construction of cells to be occupied during the conclave,

report on what arrangements they have made.

The choice of a confessor, for the time of the conclave, forms the subject of deliberation in a *third* meeting, held also in the vestry.

At a *fourth*, two physicians are appointed.

In the *fifth*, an apothecary, two barbers, and two aids are chosen. The selection of these is a matter of serious consideration, for they must be impervious to bribery.

Four more *congregazioni* are held, and in them matters are arranged for the best order and expedition of business.

Thus in the *sixth*, the youngest cardinal deacon assigns by ballot to every elector the cell he is to occupy during the session; and the requisite masters of ceremonies are appointed. Their number is limited to six.

In the *seventh*, the necessity of a third attendant on such cardinals as may need it is considered. A committee also of one or more cardinals is appointed to select the thirty-five servants, who are required for the menial services of the conclave.

In the *eighth*, the availability of conclavists is examined. Conclavists are called, such prelates of a lower grade, whom cardinals are allowed to choose for attendance on their persons, subject, however, to the approval of the committees. Besides their regular pay, for which the Camera Apostolica sets aside ten thousand *scudi* (dollars of our money), the new Pontiff rewards them with a special bounty. Moreover, he grants them the right of citizenship in any one city or town they may choose under Papal jurisdiction.

In the *ninth*, three cardinals are appointed to regulate the sanitary department of the conclave.

In the *tenth*, a master mason and carpenter are selected. At this meeting such cardinals who are not in *orders*, and yet have a right to vote,

present their claims.* After which ambassadors of foreign powers, and other personages, are admitted to visit the *eminentissimi*. The usual purport of their addresses turns upon the necessity of a speedy and judicious election of the worthiest member.

On the day after all the meetings have been brought to a close, a solemn mass is offered by the cardinal dean, and an oration *de eligendo summo Pontifice* is delivered by the appointed prelate.

This ceremony accomplished, the electors walk in procession of two and two to the place of the conclave. They are headed by the cross, followed by their attendants, and escorted by the Swiss Guard. The hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus* is sung all the way to the entrance of the building, and the venerable body of electors vanish from sight, and thus a veil of deep secrecy is drawn over an assembly of men before whom, in purity of character, loftiness of aspirations, consciousness of right, and averment of powers, the augustness of even an Areopagus pales and disappears.

A detailed description of how the conclave is built and its cells arranged, would be a lengthy and tedious work. Suffice it to say that a portion of a palace or of a dwelling is set apart, is surrounded by high walls, and but one entrance allowed to it. Only through "turning-wheels," revolving at four different windows opened in the interior wall, the hampers of food can be passed, or can ambassadors transmit their messages, or have interviews with either electors or conclavists.

We are now in the morning next after the *novendialia*. The sacred college assembles at St. Peter's, their

dean celebrates a pontifical mass, *de Spiritu Sancto*; the appointed prelate delivers a Latin discourse *concerning the election of a supreme Pontiff (de eligendo summo Pontifice)*, and should he chance to be a bishop, he dresses in amice, alb, cope, and mitre; the third master of ceremonies, in dark purple, lifts the cross on its staff, flanked by two ostiarii or doorkeepers, "clerks *de virga rubea*" (so-called from their carrying, as the insignia of their office, a short truncheon covered with crimson velvet, and chevroned in the middle and both ends with silver bands), and thus advances to and kneels on the lower step of the altar, whilst two chanters of the papal choir sing the *Veni Creator Spiritus*, all bystanders kneeling during the chant of the first stanza. At the second all rise, and the cross-bearer, with the image of the crucifix facing the cardinals, leads the procession towards the conclave rooms. Cardinals and attendants walk two and two between lines of mace-bearers and noble guards. According to the apostolic constitution, the cardinal bishops rank first, followed respectively by the order of priests and deacons. On their trail march prelates of all grades and a great many of the Roman nobility. Yet one preference is both notable and suggestive. Monsignor the Governor of Rome takes precedence of all, and walks by the side of the cardinal dean. In this order they enter the Pauline chapel, to which, however, not all are admitted, and when the cardinal dean has, *a cornu epistolæ*, sung the prayer *Deus qui corda fidelium*, a master of the ceremonies, chosen ad hoc, orders with a loud voice EXTRA OMNES, whereupon the doors are closed.

Thus "set apart," the cardinal electors listen to the reading of special apostolic constitutions, to which they swear obedience, and also listen to an exhortation from the cardinal dean. Lastly, the majordomo of

* Cardinals, who are not *in Sacris*, are excluded by a bull of Pius IV from the rights of voting in conclave. Pius's bull was confirmed by Sixtus V. Hence according to the *ceremonial* prescribed by Gregory XV, unless they can exhibit a special brief given them by the Pope who has promoted them, they are debarred from the privilege of voting.

the Apostolic Palace is *sworn in* as governor; we may call him "custodian" of the conclave.

A special privilege allows the electors to return to their several homes for the afternoon, but under obligation of occupying their cells in the evening.

Various appointments are made in the afternoon, and sundry matters arranged. The marshal of the conclave is sworn in. Foreign ministers, Roman princes and nobles, knights and prelates visit the electors, until at a fixed hour one of the masters of ceremonies rings a bell, once and twice more at stated intervals, and by the last sound thereof *all*, except electors, officers, and servants, must have left.

The "one entrance" is then locked *inside* with double lock, whereof the keys are held by the Cardinal Camerlengo and the head-master of ceremonies; *outside* with one lock, and the key intrusted to the marshal. The locks are inspected by the Cardinal Camerlengo, a roll is called of all whose duty it is to be in the conclave inclosure, and a proper document is drawn by a "notary apostolic" testifying to the perfect state of the locks, the presence of all who are in duty bound to be present, and the total exclusion of strangers.

One of the *conservatori* is admitted at the very last moment, and on his knees sworn to a promise that naught shall pass through door, wicket (for a small window or opening is cut in the door at the main entrance, a *sportello*), or turning-wheel, that might tamper in the least with the freedom of the electors. Then the marshal is led to his narrow quarters near the main and only entrance, and the *conservatore* to his by no means more comfortable rooms, at the side of one and the principal turning-wheels. This latter position is no sinecure, for besides the inspection of food, whereof we shall speak again, to him also is as-

signed the duty of receiving messages, entertaining ambassadors, and regulating whatever intercourse he may deem allowable with the world outside; and when we take into consideration the importunity of some, the impertinence of others, the officiousness of all such foreign ministers, the which becomes exceedingly remarkable during these days, of most keen anxiety for some and petulant curiosity in others, in sooth the *conservatore* in guarding his wheel has not an easy life of it.

There are four turning-wheels in all. The one just alluded to, and in charge of the *conservatore* and his aids, is the most prominent; a second is in charge of patriarchs, archbishops, assistants at the throne, and prothonotaries apostolic. The third is guarded by the judges of the Rota Romana, and the master of the palace, who ranks with them. Lastly, the fourth is in the care of the prelates of the *Reverenda Camera Apostolica*.

Pius IV, in his constitution *De eligendis* (October 9th, 1562), thus defines the duties of wheel-keeper: The officers appointed to guard the conclave shall, with the keenest and most exquisite care, under penalty of perjury and suspension *a divinis*, overhaul and search comestibles, and any articles, and even persons, admitted to the conclave,* lest, under cover of such things, letters or messages, any cipher, or colluding signs were allowed to pass.

Thus is the conclave closed at last.

On the following morning at the appointed hour and by the ring of a bell, the cardinals, simply dressed in the usual cassock, assemble in the chapel (the Sistine, when the con-

* This must have reference, mainly, to the case of any elector coming from a great distance and arriving whilst the conclave is in session. Here is the text: *Prelati ad custodiam conclavis deputati sub pena perjurii et suspensionis a divinis maxima et exquisita diligentia ubantur in inspiciendis ac perscrutandis epulis, aliisque rebus ac personis conclave intrantibus, ne sub eorum verum velamine, litera, aut nota, vel signa aliqua transmittantur.*

clave takes place at the Vatican), where the dean offers the Holy Sacrifice *de Spiritu Sancto*, and all receive holy communion. At the conclusion thereof, the servants carry before the altar a stand, on which the ballot-box is placed, and stools for the *eminentissimi*, examiners, and approvers. The first master of ceremonies then reads the *instrument* testifying to the integrity of the locks, and the printed forms of election, as prescribed by Gregory XV, are distributed, whereupon the hymn *Come, Spirit Creator*, having been recited by Monsignor Sacristan, all, except the electors, withdraw, and the cardinals proceed to the first *scrutiny*, whereof one is held in the morning and another in the afternoon.

All servants, officers and prelates who are admitted to the conclave, and are called conclavists, are summoned to take an oath of secrecy on whatever they may hear and see, and this ceremony is gone through with great solemnity immediately before the chapel is cleared of all except the electors.

The mass in honor of the Holy Ghost is offered every morning before the *scrutiny* (writing of votes), whilst in the afternoon the hymn *Veni Sancte Spiritus* is invariably recited.

Moreover, appropriate supplications are, every twenty-four days, during the conclave, offered in the city, that God may vouchsafe in his mercy to enlighten the minds of the electors in their choice of a shepherd to the fold. Accordingly, all the parish priests of Rome, together with the mendicant orders, walk daily in procession from the Basilica of San Lorenzo in Damaso to the first entrance of the Vatican, singing the Litany of the Saints and other prayers, as prescribed in a little book published for the occasion. In all churches throughout Christendom the prayer *pro eligendo summo Pontifice* is read at mass, and the Devo-

tion of the Forty Hours is in turn performed.

Every morning, in baskets or hampers, made *ad hoc* and well closed, food for cardinals and conclavists is carried to the conclave and laid at the turning-wheels.

Sometimes cardinals are late in coming to the conclave, and sometimes ambassadors of different governments are charged with special commissions before the Fathers. In both cases there are ceremonies of great solemnity and much minutiae, through which it becomes necessary to pass, especially in the case of ambassadors. The strictest precautions are taken so as to render it well-nigh impossible to communicate anything or receive any information on either side that might tamper with the election.

The election of Pius IX, the great and good, was effected in a way so unusual that it seemed to portend the wonders of a pontificate so like the most renowned in the specialty of persecutions and sufferings, and so unlike the previous ones in length, and the crowding of remarkable events. The first *scrutiny* (as we have seen the writing of votes to be called) took place on the morning of the *fourteenth* of June, 1845; the fifth and last on the *sixteenth*, and after only forty-eight hours John Mastai was elected.

We have thought it worth while to record this instance, for the reason that it seems the German electors were instructed not to vote for Cardinal Mastai. But lo! when almost within hailing distance of the Vatican, the shouts of joy and exultation re-echoing from the Seven Hills greet their ears, and the glad tidings relieve their minds of a perplexing task.

Two-thirds of the votes are necessary for an election. The number for a valid choice being attained, the examiners proclaim the honored name, whereupon the Cardinal Dean arises and solemnly asks the chosen

one whether he accepts the pontifical dignity. On his acceptance, he is again asked what name he will choose. This choice of a name, which formerly was optional, has been enjoined as obligatory since the time of Pope Sergius IV (1009-1012). All bulls, briefs, and sovereign rescripts or acts, must be signed with it, whilst on other occasions his own baptismal name may suffice.

Of these transactions a proper attestation is drawn up by the master of ceremonies, and then two cardinal deacons advance towards the Elect, take him between them, escort him to a place behind the altar, where they robe him with the Pontifical dress prescribed for this his first appearance, which consists of a cassock, soutane of white silk, slippers with cross on them embroidered in gold, rochette and mozzetta, and a cap of red satin also. As he returns to the front of the altar he bestows a first solemn blessing on the cardinals. Then seating himself on the pontifical chair he receives their homage in the following order: each cardinal kneels before his Holiness, kisses his foot and right hand, and rising gives him the kiss of peace on both cheeks. This is called the *first adoration*. The Camerlengo presents the Pontiff Elect with the Fisherman's Ring, and leave being obtained of him, a cross-bearer, with the crucifix borne aloft, precedes the first cardinal deacon, who is accompanied by the master of ceremonies, to the balcony, or *loggia*, where with a loud voice he proclaims to the expectant crowd the joyous tidings, *I announce to you a great joy! we have for Pope the most eminent and the most reverend Lord N. N., who has taken to himself the name of N. N.*

The joyful acclaims of the people, and the salvos of the cannon from Castle Saint Angelo, are answered by unanimous peals from all the bells and belfries of churches and monuments in the Eternal City.

The turning-wheels removed, the

entrance door unbolted, such as have a right pour in to offer their homage and congratulations. After the lapse of a few hours for necessary preparations, the Pope enters the chapel anew, this time dressed in red cape, the golden mitre on his head, and, being seated on the altar, he receives the *second homage* from the Sacred College, in the same form as the first. The which being accomplished he is carried on the *sella gestatoria* (an open sedan, of unique construction, carried by four men, who form a special class of papal household servants, with a distinct dress), and escorted by all the *eminentissimi porporati*, to St. Peter's. As he enters the grand portals the *ECCE MAGNUS SACERDOS* is chanted by the choir. Again seated on the altar under the *confession* (thus called because on that spot PETER, the Prince of the Apostles, the first vicar of Christ, *confessed* his faith, and sealed it with his blood) he receives the *third homage*, at the conclusion of which the Cardinal Dean intones a *Te Deum*, alternately sung by clergy and choir and the assembly of the faithful. At the conclusion of the prayers the Holy Father imparts a solemn benediction on all.

Almost unbearable must meantime have been the pressure of emotions crowding upon the heart of the Holy Father. O! the consciousness of his elevation, second only to Christ in the Hierarchy of God's Church!

A respite and a relief is granted unto him. At the conclusion of the last prayers the Holy Father is carried in his sedan chair to his apartments, whilst the cardinals are dismissed to their residences.

During that and the two following evenings the whole city is illuminated with that pomp and those rejoicings for which Rome is so renowned. Salvos of artillery repeatedly boom from the castle, amidst the festive peals and lively chimes which last a whole hour, and yet are al-

most drowned by the vivas and acclamations of the faithful children of Rome.

We have given a succinct and faithful account of what takes place in the capital of the Catholic world—*Caput Urbis et Orbis*—on the occasion of a Pope's death. It should be our task now to describe the grand ceremonies and soul-stirring festivals of the coronation and enthronization. But this would require an article of itself, and one of unwonted length.

The narrative of a conclave is a subject of the keenest interest just now, when a power forged in hell, and in its arrogance receiving its inspiration on earth from the *sect* that has sworn eternal war to God and his Christ, and destruction to the Church, his spouse, and in its delirious arrogance has boasted that no conclave shall be held except under its guidance.

We know what the Sacred College is bound to do, and shall do, whilst the gates of hell will in its folly strain its power and exhaust its strength to thwart the cardinals' work. The Catholics know what they have to expect, and already enjoy in prospective a triumph, whereof the consummation they will,

however, if prayer avails, put off *ad multos annos*.

How grand and inspiring is the spectacle revealed at this moment before the eyes of the world! The venerable and holy Pontiff, carrying the weight of many years and trials innumerable, an unusually long life filled with years and trials and sufferings, griefs and sorrows, and yet with joys ineffable and triumphs, towers above all, like Saul of olden times! Men and heroes of powerful frames, gigantic minds, souls as generous, hearts as noble as his, one after another depart, and leave him alone to withstand the shocks of the world's power, every day renewed, and every day repulsed and conquered!

Alone he stands, whilst surging mobs from every shore dash with a force never before known against the rock of faith, which is the footstool of his throne. A voice from beyond yonder firmament, in the roar of the thunder, in the flash of the lightning, is heard threatening. A voice that strikes dismay and terror into the hearts of the enemy, and cleaveth them to the quick. Hark, ye enemies of God : TOUCH YE NOT MY ANOINTED !

THE THREE CANTICLES OF DIVINE LOVE, BY ST. FRANCIS, OF ASSISSIUM.

TRANSLATED FROM THE ORIGINAL ITALIAN.

These Canticles are to be found in all editions of the works of St. Francis. In the first of these the Saint calls upon the sun and all other creatures to bless and praise their Creator. In the second he describes the conflict between Divine Love and the soul. In the third is contained the whole history of the workings of Divine Love in the soul which has entirely yielded to its influence.

CANTICLE I.

"Altissimo, onnipotente, bon Signore."

MOST high, Omnipotent, good Lord to Thee,
All glory, honor, praise and blessing be;
Thou only art deserving of the same;
No man is worthy to pronounce Thy Name.

Praised be my God by creatures every one;
And praised be Thou, my Lord, by Brother
Sun,

Thy gift to us that he our day may light.
Most beautiful is he, and passing bright;
Radiant in splendor—for in him we see
Displayed to us a glorious type of Thee.

Praise to my Lord by Sister Moon be given,
By all the clear and lovely stars of heaven.

Praised be my Lord by Brother Wind and
Air;
By clouds and weather—be it dark or fair;
For by their ministry Thou e'er dost give
The sustenance whereby all creatures live.

Praise to my Lord from Sister Water be;
Most useful, humble, precious, chaste is she.

Praised be my Lord by Brother Fire, so
bright;
By whom Thou dost illuminate the night;
For he is lively, and most beautiful;
And most robust withal and powerful.

Praised be my Lord and God by Mother
Earth,
Who governs and sustains us; who gives
birth
To all the many fruits and herbs that be;
And colored flowers in rich variety.

Praised be my Lord by those who pardon
wrong
For love of Thee: enduring sorrow long;
Bearing their woes in peace. Blessed are
they!
By the Most High they shall be crowned
one day.

Praised be my Lord by Sister Death, from
whom

No living soul escapes. She brings the doom
Of mortal woe to all who pass away
In guilt of mortal sin. But blessed they
Who die in doing Thy most holy will.
To them the Second Death can bring no ill.

O praise and bless my Lord right thankfully,
And serve ye Him with great humility.

CANTICLE II.

"In foco l'Amor mi mise."

Love sets me all on fire,
Love sets me all on fire.

Into Love's fire I'm cast
By my sweet Bridegroom new,
As on the ring He passed,
This loving Lamb me threw
Into a prison fast.
He pierced me through and through,
And broke my heart at last.
Love sets me all on fire.

He pierced my heart; and lo!
On earth my body lay;
The shaft from Love's crossbow
Hath rent my heart away.
He aimed a mighty blow,
Then peace to war gave way;
I die of sweetest woe.
Love sets me all on fire.

I die of sweetest woe,
No wonder, for the aim
That dealt me such a blow
From Love's own lances came,
A hundred arm's length, know,
The blade that pierced my frame,
And laid my body low.
Love sets me all on fire.

He aimed His blows so fast,
I thrill'd with agony;
I took a shield at last;

'Twas no avail to me,
His darts anew He cast,
And struck so mightily,
That all my strength was past.
Love sets me all on fire.

So hard his blows, that I
Found all resistance vain;
Knowing that I must die,
I cried, "O spare my pain!"
But hopeless was my cry,
For He began again,
A new device to try.
Love sets me all on fire.

And now He cast at me
So heavy stones and great,
Each one of them would be
A thousand pounds in weight.
'Twas vain to count them, He
Took aim so sure and straight,
And hurled so rapidly.
Love sets me all on fire.

He aimed his darts so well,
None ever glanced astray.
Prone on the ground I fell,
All helpless there I lay,
Spent and immovable.
Whether I'd passed away,
Or lived, I could not tell.
Love sets me all on fire.

But lo! I did not die:
For my beloved Lord,
To crown His victory,
My life anew restored,
So keen and fresh, that I
That moment could have soared
To join the saints on high.
Love sets me all on fire.

In life and limb restored,
And full of courage new,
Again I drew my sword,
And to the battle flew;
Once more with him I warred,
And when I fought anew,
I conquered Christ my Lord
Love sets me all on fire.

When Christ I overthrew,
Again was peace restored,
For well I knew how true
The love of Christ my Lord.
And now an ardor new
Within my heart is poured.
I burn with love anew
For Christ my Spouse adored.
Love sets me all on fire.
Love sets me all on fire.

CANTICLE III.

"Amor de Caritate."

O Love of Charity!
Why hast thou wounded me?
My heart is rent in twain
And burns with love of Thee.
It burns and burns again,
All restless with desire.

'Tis bound, it cannot break its chain;
Consumed as wax before the fire:
Dying, it lives in sharpest pain—
Seeking with anguish and desire
To leave its furnace, but in vain.
How do I not expire,
In so great agony?
I live, and yet I die,
In this consuming fire.

I asked, not knowing, when I prayed,
For love of Christ, it seemed so sweet.
Methought in peace I should have stayed;
Then gained on high a glorious seat.
Alas! what agony instead!
My heart is rent with burning heat.
No language can impart,
No words of mine explain,
How I die of sweetest pain,
How I live without a heart.

Left without heart, without desire,
Bereft of sentiment and thought;
All beauty seems to me as mire,
Riches and happiness as nought.
A tree of Love, with fruit far higher,
Grows in my heart; and it hath wrought
So sudden change in me,
And so complete withal,
That will, mind, senses, all,
Are cast out utterly.

I've given all for Love alone,
Bartered the world and self away;
Were all created things mine own,
I'd yield them up without delay.
And yet by Love I am outdone;
Whither I'm led I cannot say.
By Love I am outdone,
Counted a fool withal;
For, having sold my all,
My worth is wholly gone.

The friends who walked not in my way,
In vain recalled me. What has he
To give, who gives himself away?
Can a slave quit his slavery?
Sooner a stone will melt, I say,
Than Love will cease to reign in me.
This Love within my heart,
Like fire ever glows;
Transformed, united close
To Love—no more to part.

Fire nor sword can part in twain,
Nought can dissolve so close a tie,
Sorrow nor death can e'er attain
The soul that has been raised so high.
And from that height she sees how vain
All earthly things beneath her lie.

My soul, how hast thou soared
Unto so high an aim?
From Christ the favor came.
Embrace thy sweetest Lord!

Creatures are nothing in my sight;
My soul for its Creator yearns;
Heaven and earth yield no delight;
For love of Christ all else it spurns.
Before the splendor of that Light,
The very sun to darkness turns.

What is the cherub's hoard
Of wisdom from above?
What is the seraph's love
To him who sees the Lord?

Let no one chide me, then, if I
Am foolish for the love of Christ.
From such a love 'tis vain to fly;
No heart can such a power resist,
This Love consumes so mightily.
Who can in such a fire exist?

O that I could impart
To one who'd pity me,
The piercing agony
That rends my very heart!

Heaven and earth with one accord
Are ever crying out to me:
"With all thy heart, O love the Lord,
For He created us that we
Might draw thy spirit heavenward,
To love Him who hath so loved thee."

Lo! what abundant beams
Of goodness all benign,
Flow from that Light Divine
In never-failing streams!

I would love more, if that might be;
But since my very heart is gone,
Nothing of mine is left to me.
I've given all for Love alone,
That I may be entirely
Possessed of the Beloved One.

O Beauty infinite!
Ancient, yet ever new;
'Tis given me to view
Thy sweet, Eternal Light!

Seeing this Beauty, I am led
Out of myself, I know not where:
My heart, like molten wax, is made
The likeness of its Lord to bear.
O wonderful exchange! instead
Of self, Christ's image sweet to wear.

My heart, transfigured quite
By such a power of love,
Is sweetly drawn above
In rapture of delight.

The soul, thus bound by sweetest ties,
Is yearning for her Lord's embrace;
The more His Beauty meets her eyes,
The more she longs on Him to gaze;
In Christ alone her treasure lies,
Forgetting self to seek His Face.

She cares for nought besides,
But to be His alone;
For love of self is gone,
Where only Christ abides.

Transformed by Christ, by Him made one,
Held in her God's Divine embrace;
She reigns a queen—for she has won
Christ Jesus, with His gifts and grace;
Sorrow and pain alike are gone
Where sin no longer holds a place.

No guilty marks remain;
Dead is the man of sin;
The soul is pure within,
And freed from every stain.

In Christ I'm newly born again—
The old man dead, the new restored;
And while my heart is cleft in twain,
Transfixed my love as by a sword.
My spirit, all on fire, would fain
Behold the beauty of its Lord.

I cry out ardently,
While clasped in His embrace,
Give me, O Love! the grace
To die for love of Thee!

I languish for the love of Thee,
For Thy embraces sweet I pine;
Without Thee life is death to me.
With sighs and tears this heart of mine
Craves Thy return, that it may be
Transformed by Thee, made wholly Thine.

O Love! make no delay—
O hasten unto me!
Unite me close to Thee,
Consume my heart away.

Behold my pain, sweet Love, I pray;
This burning heat I cannot bear:
I know not what I do or say,
Led on by Love, I know not where.
I go, as one who'd lost his way—
Weary, wandering here and there.

I know not how I may
Endure this agony,
Which so transfixes me,
And rends my heart away.

Robbed of my heart, I cannot see
What there remains for me to do;
If one should ask me, "Can it be
That Christ wants idle love from you?"
I say, There is no help for me,
My heart being riven through and through.

This love in me hath wrought,
With such consuming fire,
I'm left without desire,
Or even power of thought.

Once I could speak, but now I'm dumb;
I saw : now cannot see at all;
To what a strange abyss I'm come!
Though held, I run; I rise, yet fall;
Pursue, and am pursued withal.
O Love eternal ! why
Am I a fool for Thee ?
Wherefore hast Thou cast me
In such a fire to die ?

Christ.

Control thy burning love for Me;
For virtue without rule is vain :
In seeking me so ardently,
Renew thy mind and heart again;
And let well-ordered charity
Inform the heart wherein I reign.
As by the fruit it bears,
A tree is to be known;
So by this test alone
Its real worth appears.

For I created everything,
In number and in measure too;
Each to its end is hastening,
And all are kept in order due;
How much more charity, as being
The very soul of order true !
Why is that heart of thine
By Love so foolish made ?
It is that thou hast strayed
So far beyond the line.

Francis.

Christ ! Thou hast robb'd my heart from me,
Then why dost Thou my ardor blame ?
For, since I am changed into Thee,
I can no longer be the same :
As red-hot iron seems to be
All fire, and sun-lit air a flame.
For each of these is seen
Changed to another form;
So doth Thy Love transform
The heart Thou hast made clean.

Thus, having lost its quality,
The creature's acting power is gone;
For, as it only lives by Thee,
Its works bear fruit through Thee alone;
Transform'd by Christ, and verily
Changed into the Beloved One !
Let all impute to Thee,
Whate'er by me is wrought,
And if it please Thee not,
Then blame Thyself—not me.

Eternal Wisdom ! well I know
That I am fool for love of Thee;
But since Thy Love hath dealt the blow,
I've bartered self away to be

Changed into Thee anew, and so
Lead a new life, and utterly
Casting myself aside;
In Love's almighty power,
I break through every door,
And with my Love abide !

My heart was set on fire by Thee;
Why bid me then my love restrain ?
Thou gavest Thyself utterly
For me. Can I give less again ?
Thy littleness sufficed for me;
Thy greatness how can I contain ?
If any fault there be,
'Tis Thine, O Lord, not mine;
For 'twas Thy love divine
Traced out this path for me.

Love was too powerful for Thee;
From Heaven to Earth it brought Thee down
So low, that Thou didst will to be
The last of men, despised, unknown,
Homeless and poor for love of me,
To make Thy riches all my own.
So, in Thy Life and Death,
Most surely didst Thou prove
Thy Heart was fired with love
All fathomless in depth.

Thy Life was spent for Love indeed,
For Wisdom was by love outdone;
Love showed in every word and deed,
Regardless of Thyself alone;
And in the Temple Thou didst plead,
"Come to Me, every weary one!"
All ye who thirst, draw nigh
Unto the Living Well
Of Love ineffable,
Sweet Gift of God Most High !

Was that Love wise, O Saviour mine,
Which drew Thee down on earth below ?
Born, not of flesh, but Love divine;
Made Man to save us all from woe,
Thou didst embrace that Cross of Thine
For love of us, nay, more, I know,
Thou didst not speak a word
When Pilate judged Thy cause,
In order, on the Cross,
To die of love, O Lord !

Thy wisdom, Lord, was hidden quite,
Thy power, too, Thou didst repress;
Love only was revealed to sight:
A love all boundless in excess,
Which overflowed with endless might,
And poured forth all its tenderness.
This mighty Love it was
That led Thee captive, when
For love of sinful men
Thou didst embrace the Cross.

Then, Jesus, if I overflow
With love so sweet and so intense,
Who shall reprove me, if I go
Out of myself—bereft of sense ?

Since that same Love constrained Thee so,
As to subdue Omnipotence!
O Love! how can I be
Afraid of foolishness?
If through it I possess
And am possessed by Thee!

This love which makes me foolish, lo!
It took away Thy Wisdom quite.
This Love, which makes me languish so,
It robbed Thee of Thy very might;
Against the power of love, I know,
'Tis useless to resist or fight.
My sentence hath been passed.
I die for love of Thee!
There is no rest for me;
I die of love at last!

O Love, O Love, Thou hast so wounded me,
That I can cry out nothing else but "Love!"
O Love, O Love, Thou hast so ravished me,
That all my heart is drawn to Thee above.
I long so ardently
My debt of love to pay,
O grant me, Love, I pray,
To die for love of Thee.

Jesu, my Love, my Love, behold my woe!
Jesu, my Love, my Love, O comfort me!
Jesu, my Love, Thou hast inflamed me so;
Jesu, my Love, I die for love of Thee!
O make my heart with love forever glow.
O grant that I may be
Transformed with Thee, in truth and charity.
O Love, O Love, O Love!
Everything speaks of Thee;
O Love, so deep Thou art,
The more Thou fillest the heart,
The more it longs for Thee!

O Love, O Love, Thou dost encircle close
The heart that yields to Thy Almighty power;
Thou art its vesture and its sweet repose;
And so it cries out "Love!" for evermore;
It never can repay the debt it owes.
O Love, O Love, I love Thee more and more;
O Love, O Love, methinks that I shall die;
O Love, O Love, Thou hast so mastered me—
O make me Thine, O Love, eternally!
I languish for the love of Thee!
O Love most amiable!
How sweet to die for Thee!
O Love ineffable!
Kindle Thy love in me!

O Love, O Love, my heart is broken quite,
O Love, O Love, Thou hast so wounded me.
O Jesu! draw me to Thy beauty bright.
O Love, by Thee I'm rapt in ecstasy!
O Living Love! cast me not from thy sight!
O Love, O Love, my soul is one with Thee!
O Love, Thou art its Life!
From Thee it ne'er can part,
For Thou hast rent my heart
In such a loving strife.

My love, my Love, Jesu! for Thee I pine:
O Love! grant unto me
To die embracing Thee!
O my sweet Love! Jesus, my Spouse divine!
O Love, O Love, I pray that I may die!
O Love, O Love, O Jesu so benign!
Transform me into Thee eternally!
See how I suffer from this love of Thine!
I am no longer mine:
Jesu, my hope divine!
Rest thou, my heart, forever in His love!

NOT OF THE EARTH, EARTHY.

THE song was Beethoven's *Adelaide*, *adagio* and *allegro* faultlessly rendered by the full, sweet, cultured voice. For a wonder, at the Catherwood "musicals" (where everybody was so well-bred that nobody ever applauded), the encore was spontaneous and hearty. But the proprieties had been violated in vain. The cantatrice was inexorable; seemingly as deaf to the applause as the marble Psyche at her elbow. One little hand laid the music quietly on the piano; the other put back a mass of golden hair that broke, like sunlight,

over her blushing cheeks, as with bended head and a faint smile on her lips, the young singer threaded her way out of the great brilliant *salon*, crowded with the beauty and fashion of the season. Many an admiring and envious glance went with her. That close-fitting dress of white (trailing, and with its long, quaint sleeves) would not have suited most women; but Regie Catherwood's slender elegance would have been spoiled by flounces and furbelows. Not a glimmer of gold or jewels about her, only a knot of

natural violets in the lace upon her bosom, and a spray of the same in the snood of her yellow hair. The fresh loveliness of girlhood does not harmonize with studied toilettes: and there was altogether something so Madonna-like about this girl that the simple dress was in admirable keeping with both form and face. Her open brow, with its aureole of flossy hair, bore the seal of innocence and candor: and the gravity of the clear eyes and sensitive mouth was full of a sweet humility.

She drew a deep breath of relief as she dropped the heavy curtain between her and the crowd, and stood alone in a little alcove looking out upon the sea. There was a long window open to the floor, and she could see the wide stretch of shining sands below, and the creamy waves running in at high tide; the glory of the summer moonlight over all. She was very pale now, and as she looked up into the blue quiet sky, she clasped her hands and murmured once or twice with slow, earnest emphasis:

“‘Make me to know the way wherein I shall walk; teach me to do thy will, for thou art my God!’”

The sound of a tenor voice, singing an aria on the other side of the curtain, came softened and muffled to her ears:

“If with all your hearts, ye truly seek me,
Ye shall find me, saith the Lord,”

were the words,—and she smiled as she listened, sinking into a low seat in front of the window. It was so like an answer to her prayer. Truly she was seeking him with all her heart; and when, in her sweet patience, she had waited long enough she should find him and know the hidden secrets of his will. Until then, she would be at peace, and cling close to him in fullest trust, as a child clings close to its unseen father in the darkness. And so musing (soothed by the song), as

she watched the motion of that wonderful sea, she did not hear a step upon the outside porch. A shadow fell across the moonlight, and she started as a gentleman sprang through the open window and seated himself beside her.

A handsome man, but dark as a Moor, and with a sinister expression. Unmistakable signs of an evil unruly nature were in his stormy eyes and sensual mouth.

“A treasure-trove!” he said in a strangely musical voice, and held up before her in the moonlight a string of glistening pearls linked with silver.

Regie’s face glowed with delight as she stretched forth her eager hands.

“My lost rosary! O Maridelle! give it to me.”

“Not yet,” and he kept it back from her with his strong fingers, a smile lighting up his tawny face; “not till you tell me when and where you lost it.”

“This morning early, before breakfast, when I went—I went across the sands—” She paused and was silent.

“When you went across the sands,” he echoed in his sweet, coaxing voice,—“and whither?”

“To mass,” she answered, simply.

“And why before breakfast, imprudent one? Have I not implored you for my sake, for the sake of your precious health, never to walk abroad until the dews are off the grass?”

A slow beautiful blush swept over her lifted face.

“It is the feast of the Sacred Heart of Jesus,” she said more to herself than to him, “and I went to St. Xavier’s to receive the holy communion.”

He stood up abruptly and turned his back on her, looking out for some silent moments at the moonlit ocean and the wet, sparkling sands. And so standing (with no sight of his evil passionate face to mar the mel-

low music of his voice), he began to recite in a dreamy way :

"Early in the morning
The Sultan's daughter
Walked in her father's garden,
Gathering the bright flowers,
All full of dew.
And as she gathered them
She wondered more and more
Who was the Master of the flowers,
And made them grow
Out of the cold, dark earth.
'In my heart,' she said,
'I love him; and for him
Would leave my father's palace,
To labor in his garden.'

* * * * *

And at midnight
As she lay upon her bed,
She heard a voice
Call to her from the garden,
And looking forth from her window,
She saw a beautiful youth
Standing among the flowers.
It was the Lord Jesus;
And she went down to him
And opened the door for him,
And he said to her, 'O maiden!
Thou hast thought of me with love,
And for thy sake
Out of my Father's kingdom
Have I come hither;
I am the Master of the Flowers.
My garden is in Paradise,
And if thou wilt go with me,
Thy bridal garland
Shall be of bright red flowers.'
And then he took from his finger
A golden ring,
And asked the Sultan's daughter
If she would be his bride.
And when she answered him with love,
His wounds began to bleed,
And she said to him,
'O love! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses.'
'For thy sake,' answered he,
'For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses.
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee!
Come, for my Father calls.
Thou art my elected bride!
And the Sultan's daughter
Followed him to his Father's garden."

Her white drapery flowing around her in the moonlight, and her hands clasped firmly in her lap, the girl bent forward in her chair as one who listens intently. The pure eyes were raised to the cloudless heavens, and

a far-off look of yearning delight was in the lovely face.

He turned suddenly on his heel, and laid the gleaming rosary upon her folded hands.

"There are tears upon your cheek, and yet you smile. O, Regie, my darling! leave all these foolish legends to the dreaming poet, and tell me you love me and will be my bride!"

Was that low exclamation one of pain or pleasure? A startled flutter of white robes,—and some one was heard softly calling from without:

"Regie! Regie Catherwood! they are waiting for you to sing again, and Maridelle must do the *obligato*!" She had twined her rosary about her wrist, and as she stood by the piano, facing the smiling throng, she pressed secretly in her palm the pearl crucifix that hung from the beads.

A delicate symphony rippled over the keys, and Maridelle was close at her side playing the violin *obligato*. Borne up by the double accompaniment, like a graceful gondola upon rocking waves, the young voice glided forth, tender and tremulous, into "*Heaven hath shed a tear.*"

Surely Kücken never wrote anything sweeter or more like an echo of the ocean! Full of the odor of the shells and the briny seaweed, the dreaming musician hears ever throughout its modulations the throbbing undertone of the tides, the pathos and mystery of the surges woven inextricably through its measures.

But why was the face of the singer so stirred with strange emotion?

Her calm eyes were dilated, and on the bright rose of her cheek a tear trembled like a dewdrop. A new and powerful attraction was drawing and melting her very soul within her as she sang. An arrow from a divine heart had entered that pure breast never more to be withdrawn. She seemed to hear far off (distinct, yet mingled with the music

of the waters) a celestial voice singing in unison with her own :

"Ne'er shalt thou dread the foaming billows'
crest,
Here on this faithful heart, come find thy
rest,
Come be my own, my own, my own!"

It was the faint, far away prelude of what was to come, the virginal symphony of that new song she was to sing, henceforth and forevermore, following the Lamb whithersoever he might go !

A string snapped on Maridelle's violin, and he stooped to pick up a bouquet of roses that had fallen at her feet. She took them from him without a glance, and did not notice that he had ceased to play. More beautiful than he had ever seen her before (because of that light upon her face and the misty abstraction of her eyes), she had forgotten her surroundings, and was murmuring in the secrecy of her soul with the Sultan's daughter :

"O love ! how red thy heart is,
And thy hands are full of roses !"

And hearing his tender answer :

"For thy sake,
For thy sake is my heart so red,
For thee I bring these roses.
I gathered them at the cross
Whereon I died for thee !
Come, for my Father calls,
Thou art my elected bride !"

Glory to him who loveth to feed among the lilies ! He had made known to her, that hour, the way wherein he would have her walk. He had taught her to do his will, for he was her God.

* * * * *

Alone in her chamber, Regie knelt at the low window and bowed her face upon her folded hands. "I have never loved any lover save thee," she said softly, "and now I would sooner die than wed Maridelle !"

A cloud was over the moon, and the room was quiet (save for the distant roll of the surf) and full of shadows. In the dewy darkness below her she heard the voices of the departing guests.

"The fowler has almost snared the bird," said one.

"You talk in parables," was the reply, "and forget that I only came from France last week."

"True," said the first speaker, "you have yet to learn the latest *on dit*, the newest version of beauty and the beast. That Moor of a Maridelle is paying desperate court to the pretty Regie."

"Impossible ! The man has a wife in France. A blonde Alsatian. I met her at Havre just before we sailed, and she gave me her photograph for the absent *mari*, and burdened me with a thousand tender messages. I showed him the picture this evening—"

"And delivered the messages?" said the other.

"*Mon enfant*, no ! It is not encouraging to see a man turn green with rage, and set his teeth like a tiger. Your Moor of a Maridelle snatched at his wife's charming picture and tore it into ribbons before my face !"

"The monster ! Heaven defend the little Catherwood from his snares ! She sings like an angel—" and the voices died away.

Regie stretched forth her arms to that starry heaven, that everlasting abode of bliss wherein her first and only lover dwelt. The clouds had melted from the moon, the clear light shone upon a face aglow with radiant peace, and wet with grateful, happy tears.

And these were the words the listening angels heard :

"O, ever faithful ! O, ever true ! Thou hast been very merciful to me !"

ST. PAUL ON RATIONALISM.

IT is a common accusation against St. Paul that he deprecates down to the point of utter contempt the powers of human reason. Passages are brought forward in support of this charge. For instance, the Apostle is shown to have said that "the wisdom of the flesh is death; but the wisdom of the spirit, life and peace." And again he seems rather to make a boast of it, that among the followers whom he was addressing there were "not many wise according to the flesh, not many mighty, not many noble. But the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the wise, and the weak things of the world hath God chosen that he may confound the strong; and the base things of the world, and the things that are contemptible hath God chosen, and the things that are not, that he may bring to nought things that are. That no flesh should glory in his sight, but . . . he that glorieth may glory in the Lord." In fine, the Apostle does not scruple to speak of the *folly* of the cross of Christ, thus anticipating the criticism of worldly wisdom.

Whatever fault may be found with these words of St. Paul, this much at any rate must be allowed them, that his writings are of a piece with the rest of Holy Scripture, which has passages matching, to a nicety, the above verses taken out of the First Epistle to the Corinthians. Jesus Christ especially appears to have been of one mind with St. Paul, if it be not rather that St. Paul has conformed himself to be of one mind with Christ; the sum of whose teaching on this head was, "Unless you become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

Clearly, then, St. Paul is no sympathizer with modern rationalism. Rationalism says, let the individual intellect be free, bowing to no au-

thority; let it be its own judge, its own guide, master, and lord supreme of all its acts. St. Paul does not say, absolutely and in every point, the opposite of all this. There is a sense in which he would allow that the individual judgment, or conscience, is its own last court of appeal; though he would deny that, even in this case, nature was left unaided by grace. Still, when he had made the fullest allowance that he could make to the rights of reason, St. Paul would yet find himself in radical opposition to rationalism.

It may be asked, by those who consider themselves competent to criticize an Apostle, whether he makes any defence of his position. Does he lay down any doctrine that will satisfactorily account to reason herself for the low, or at least the secondary and subordinate, rank that he assigns her? Now if any one will be at the pains to find out the hypothesis on which St. Paul goes, he will discover that, whatever may be alleged against the hypothesis itself, against the consistency of the Apostle's deduction from it simply nothing can be urged. Believing what he did believe of man's state on earth, he could not have spoken of man's reason otherwise than he has spoken. It will be an incalculable gain in the controversy between Christians and Rationalists if on all occasions sight is never for an instant lost of the fundamental position taken up by Christianity, of that which is presupposed in all her teachings and in all her arguments. Otherwise, disputation is so much idle beating of the air. You cannot overlook the essential character of a system, and then settle the dispute by discussing remote issues. To St. Paul, therefore, let us go back, in order to find out what is the first great proposition in his creed, the proposition from which so much else

that he lays down is a mere deduction.*

St. Paul holds, as we shall see by and by, that man from the beginning has been made for the supernatural order. There never has been a human creature born into this world whom God directly intended for a natural end. This needs explanation. It is assumed, of course, for we are merely analyzing a system, it is assumed that a personal, omnipotent God made man, and assigned him his destiny, which is made contingent on the merits or demerits of each individual. There is reward in store for the good, punishment for the bad. Now the prize proposed may be either of two things, it may be a reward proportionate to the exigencies of man's natural merits, or it may be a reward out of all proportion to what man can naturally aspire to gain. An example will throw light on the matter. In England a peerage is a natural reward for an eminent judge, or general, or statesman, or *littérateur*. But for the most perfect discharge of the functions of shoeblack, or street scavenger, or scullion, or washerwoman, why, a peerage as a reward is out of all proportion. If you came across a hodman, who told you that he labored assiduously from morning till night in the hope of ultimately getting a seat in the House of Lords, you would hasten, as kindly as you could, to undeceive the poor man. And if he quoted the instance of some great architect who had won his way to a title simply by bearing a part in the erection of certain buildings, you would explain how hodman and architect worked to-

gether, on totally disparate relations, towards the construction of the same building.

When we say, then, that man might have been created for the natural order, and have had for his destiny a natural end, we mean thereby an end in keeping with the natural exigencies of human merit, neither going beyond nor falling below. Such an end might vary within limits, it might be more perfect or less perfect; but limits it would have, and these limits would be fixed by the proportion between faculty and attainment, between merit and reward. What the natural and proportionate end of man would have been, need not here be stated in full, still less proved. Suffice it to say that it would consist essentially in the sight and enjoyment of God, as contemplated indirectly through the medium of his creatures, not as seen face to face; for the intuitive vision of God is beyond the natural power of any creature.

Such might have been the destiny of man; but such by God's bounty it is not. Man has been raised to a supernatural end. The rank which no creature could of himself attain, which could not become due to the united prayers and merits of countless creatures through endless ages, that rank has God gratuitously put within the reach of every one. To the angels it was not owing no more than to men. Out of God's pure bounty it is now as if the lowly drudge, whose position before offered no possibility of rising to the peerage, had been lifted from his impotent condition and put into a new sphere, wherein his efforts are of quite a new order, endowed with quite a new dignity, and therefore meritorious of some altogether higher reward. The end of man now is God, not seen "darkly in the glass," but God seen "face to face," and "as he is." The superadded gift which thus transforms man and gives him capabilities that before he had not

* It is well the Christian should clearly put before himself, once and forever, the solid grounds on which he builds his faith. These are safe, beyond all overturning. Afterwards, when he meets with the arguments of infidels, drawn from quite other and inadequate sources, he will not be disturbed. He will say, I never based my belief on these foundations. I do not hold the truths of revelation dependently on the demonstrations of natural science. What care I whether a very narrow and a very partial investigation, among most deficient records, gives me, as the slenderly probable origin of man, a state of savagery? I believe the opposite on quite other grounds!

is known in the Christian dispensation by the name of grace. Grace is a supernatural quality infused into the soul, whereby she has a new life and activity, a life and activity not destroying nor superseding her natural life and activity, but entering into these and elevating them to a higher sphere.

It is this supernatural life of grace which St. Paul describes in the second chapter of his First Epistle to the Corinthians. Of the state to which the Christian is raised he tells us, first, that it is so exalted as to be beyond the natural powers of man even to conceive. It is simply out of the range of the merely human faculties. "We speak the wisdom of God *in a mystery*, a mystery which is *hidden*, which God ordained before the world, unto our glory. . . . As it is written, the eye hath not seen nor ear heard, neither *hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive* what God hath prepared for them that love him. But to us God hath revealed it by his spirit. For the spirit searcheth all things, yea, *the deep things of God.*" Science may discover great wonders, but science is powerless to discover the supernatural order to which man is raised.* But the apostle goes further, he asserts, secondly, that even after revelation has made known the fact of man's supernatural calling, no one is able to take in and understand aright the revelation that has been vouchsafed us, unless the grace of God lend its aid to the task. "What man knoweth the things of a man but the spirit of man that is in him? So the things also that are of God no man knoweth but the spirit of God. Now we have received, not the spirit of this world, but the spirit that is of God, *that we may know the things that are given us from God.*" These things are, of

course, not the gifts of nature, but the gifts of grace, which, without the aid of this same grace, cannot be appreciated in their true light by the human mind. Hence St. Paul continues, "The sensual man (*ψυχικός*, animalis) perceiveth not the things that are of the spirit of God, because it is spiritually examined."

In the above passage we learn that the supernatural order is beyond the power of mere human knowledge, not in the way that the other side of the moon is a thing no man can explore, because it is never turned to us, nor in the way that other universes are beyond our ken, for want of a telescope which can reach them. In these cases the limit is a limit of a degree, not of kind. But the supernatural is a realm that defies natural investigation simply because this is natural and that is supernatural. The supernatural is altogether out of the sphere of the unaided human faculties. It is more unsearchable to our intellect than sound to the eye or color to the nostril. It is altogether above and beyond us.

Such being St. Paul's view of the case, Rationalists at least will understand how, believing what he did, the apostle necessarily asserts of the supernatural order, that it is not directly amenable to the tribunal of pure reason. Indeed, it would be a strong argument against the claims of our revealed religion if it contained nothing of which reason could not see the why and wherefore. It is simply preposterous, then, to pretend to settle the merits of Christianity by seeing whether it admits of being crushed in so as to fit the procrustean bed of Rationalism. Why, you might as well object to the finest and largest fruit which grows that it cannot accommodate itself to being housed in a nutshell. We do not make our small intellects the measure of all that can be. Our formula is not "*credo quia intelligo*," nor yet, in its literal sense "*credo quia absurdum*," but it is "I believe,

* Man, by his natural powers alone, might know without revelation, that God could do something more for humanity than belongs to the state of pure nature. But unaided reason would be unable to find out the possibility or the existence of the order of grace, such as it is now established.

because, as St. Paul says, '*scio cui credidi.*'" We hold that if God has revealed the Trinity of Persons in one Deity, he did not propose this mystery subject to man's analysis of the proposition. If he who made substance out of nothing promises that he will change the substance of bread into the substance of his own body, the outward appearance of bread still remaining, he does not add: "Believe this if you can understand it," but, "Believe this, because I, who know better than you, and have a right to your obedience, have so ordained." It is well that in their attacks on Christianity Rationalists should bear these pretty obvious truths in mind. The importance of so doing can hardly be exaggerated. We do not defend our system point by point, each dogma on its own intrinsic evidence; all we contend for is that no dogma is demonstrably self-contradictory or contradictory of other dogmas, or absurd, or immoral. At the same time we allow that, gauged by human reason alone, some of our doctrines appear strange, improbable, or even impossible. Still human reason can never say of them absolutely that they cannot be as stated. Any man who presumes to gainsay their possibility is only acting the part of a certain inland rustic who, on being told by a brother rustic just come from a trip to the seaside that iron ships floated in the water, summoned up all his British stolidity, and said: "Why a bit of iron as big as a nail can't swim, and you won't make me believe that a lump as big as a ship can." Of course the narrator had no proof to give except his testimony as an eye-witness, but what was this against the irrefragable argument, if an iron nail can't float, how can an iron ship, which is heavier?

Now if any one of us knows anything, it is this, that he knows very little, and the more a man learns the more he is convinced of his ignor-

ance.* In every single matter it may be said that, however much we may know about it, there remains far more to be known. We cannot analyze our ideas for a moment without becoming painfully conscious how bounded they are, how inadequate to give the full account of the objects they represent. It follows, therefore, that it is a very unwise practice in the case of a revealed system, that has real claims to have its pretensions examined into, to judge of it by any criterion which assumes the competency of man to say what is possible to God and what is not. Now surely the history of Christ and of Christianity is too broad and deep a fact, and fills up too mighty a space in the life-story of mankind, not to call for serious consideration. It cannot lightly be cast aside at first sight as a silly superstition. If its demands are very great, the titles on which it founds these demands are also very great. Were it some mushroom growth sprung up in a night, had it done no important work in the world, if it had no splendid names to show, if it were a palpable imposture—on these conditions it might be treated as Rationalists treat it. But being what it is, it has a right to be weighed in scales that do not ridiculously break in the attempt. The shop-keeper should not go out with his petty appliances to weigh Mont Blanc, and then come back and report to mankind that the monster is of no importance because it won't fit into his scalepan.

What we want is that Rationalists should begin at the beginning. Let them examine *our* evidence for the possession of a revelation, which is the word of a God, capable neither of deceiving nor of being deceived. I say, let them examine *our* evidence, not *their own* evidence. For often

* The words of Socrates, in the *Apology*, are well known: *ἐοικα γὼνν τούτου γε μικρῷ τινὶ αὐτῷ τούτῳ σοφώτερος εἶναι, ὅτι ἂ μὴ οἶδα οὐδὲ οἶσμαι εἰδέναι.*

they try to make us stake our issue on lines of argument which we never declared to be sufficient for the establishment of our claims. It is strange conduct on the part of the adverse counsel to say, "You must establish your rights on grounds of my choosing." Well, we do not choose; perhaps we are not able to prove our dogmas by digging up old strata, or classifying skulls, or comparing languages, or following some such course of investigation. All we care to contend for in these matters is that they do not, to demonstration, prove that we are wrong, whereas our own line of argument, as laid down in various apologetic treatises; does carry to us the conviction that we are right. It is round this quarter, then, that the decisive battle must be fought. Here we claim to be judged by ordinary historical evidences, here we can claim no privileges as yet, for till our pretensions to take shelter under the wing of the supernatural are made good we have no title to put in the plea. We must argue on grounds of reason alone till we have thoroughly established a position, not in the realm of the unreasonable, but in a sphere that lies beyond reason. The sole question that it is worth while to discuss is, did God reveal the Christian religion? The only way thoroughly to decide this inquiry is, not by setting reason to weigh the intrinsic merits of each dogma in detail, but by applying—and applying honestly—the test of reason to the title-deeds of the Church. Grace must come in before faith can be reached, but where nature is not wanting to itself, neither will grace be wanting on its side.

By way of illustration, let us apply the above principle to a special case. In these days of feverish excitement to examine into the claims of all old beliefs, the Bible, of course, is brought to trial at the bar of scientific criticism. It is said to us over and over again, Your Bible

must stand or fall—must so far stand or so far fall—as it shall satisfy the test of ordinary criticism. The Bible must be treated, in all respects, simply as any other book. Now, to this we demur; it is an essential point in our contention that Scripture is not an ordinary book, and does not deal with ordinary events. We do not and cannot defend the Bible on the ground of its being just in the same category as the writings of Herodotus, whose naive stories we are free to reject whenever they do not square with our ideas of what is naturally probable. The primary fact of Holy Scripture being inspired is the question on which we join issue; we refuse altogether to try the case on this other issue—whether, waiving its inspiration, the narrative is such as recommends itself to human reason in the character of a chronicle of events belonging to the purely natural order. About any other point than the fact of inspiration, it is, as a rule, sheer waste of powder and shot to do battle. Not but that a demonstrably clear proof of Scripture being inconsistent with itself, or with the natural law, or with the certain facts of history, would also be a demonstrably clear proof against the inspiration. God cannot inspire a lie. But as a matter of fact the only serious objections that can be brought against Scripture are precisely such as we have a right to sink under the weight of authority which we have for believing Scripture to be infallible. This may seem strange, or that improbable, or the other may seem even impossible; but the strangeness, or the improbability, or the apparent impossibility never assume such proportions that we cannot treat them somewhat as we treat certain ambiguous cases of conduct, on the part of a well-proved friend; or as an inferior treats the orders of a more enlightened and trustworthy superior, not quite seeing how these are prudent, but knowing by experience that they will ulti-

mately prove their own justification. Moreover, it is a decided habit of ours to expect to have to take certain things—not a few of them—on trust, as trials that are purposely left to test our fidelity. Or to put the matter in a homely way, it is our settled conviction that no man can successfully accomplish the journey to heaven without paying for his ticket, and that no small fraction of the price exacted of him is a humble yet reasonable submission of his judgment to the voice of God, speaking darkly from behind the veil to the ear of faith.*

Let us turn to a second illustration. Mr. Tylor, treating of primitive culture, is express in his declaration that his examination is partial—so much so, that he designedly and confessedly leaves out whole departments of evidence that would call for consideration on a complete treatment of the subject on all its sides. That he should not keep his promise, even as an oversight, is a grave intellectual error. Yet keep it he does not. Professing to treat merely of natural religion, to draw his materials and form his principles from purely natural sources, he so far forgets himself as to apply his results to test certain portions of the Jewish and the Christian systems; of all revealed religions just the two that have best claim to be really built on revelation. The following are the instances which make good this accusation.

From the comparative study of myths it is seen that there are cer-

* Just one word about this much-abused term *faith*. It is a thousand pities that so simple an idea should have been so obscured and perverted. Certainly, if faith is the blind, unreasoning, and unreasonable thing that theorists make it, the rationalist is quite right in saying, with the face, the accent, and gesture of scorn, "I'll none of it." Let us trust, however, that many people's faith is better than their analysis of it. There is a most mischievous antithesis made between faith and knowledge, whereby faith is maligned into being something that is not knowledge, but a blindly instinctive acceptance of what is not known. Now, to cut a long matter short, faith is knowledge, but knowledge at second hand, on the testimony of another. It is human faith if the witness is a man; it is Divine faith if the witness is God, who gives at the same time grace to elicit a supernatural assent to his revelation.

tain types of the mythologizing process which appear independently, the wide world over; thereby showing that they spring from a common propensity of men's minds in their less cultivated stages. One of these types is seen in the many myths which tell of one natural object being devoured by another; which is the symbolic way of representing the succession of phenomena, as of night on day, or of season on season. Wherever, therefore, you meet in early records a strange story of one creature swallowing up another, you have some reason for suspecting a myth. Still you must apply two canons: a story is to be rejected as a myth from true history, "when-ever it is recognized by the tests of being decidedly against evidence as fact, and at the same time clearly explicable as myths." Mr. Tylor applies these tests to the story of Jonah swallowed by a whale; and the experiment gives him not fact but symbol. I allow the possible application of his second canon; I deny altogether the applicability of his first canon, namely, the inquiry as to whether the story admits of being interpreted as a natural fact. Of course as a purely natural occurrence the story of Jonah is not interpretable; but the hypothesis of Scripture is that the event was not natural, and this hypothesis Mr. Tylor is bound to respect if he would be true to his promise of not meddling with the supernatural.

There is exactly the same fault to be found with his treatment of the fasting of St. Theresa, and, as he adds, of all the other fasting saints mentioned in the pages of the Bollandists.* He considers fasting as a superstition, a survival of an uncultured age—a mere means of bringing on a morbid, ecstatic state of brain with a view to being able to

* "So long as fasting is continued as a religious rite, so long its consequences in morbid mental exaltation will continue the old and savage doctrine that morbid fancy is supernatural experience. Bread and meat would have robbed the ecstatic of many an angel's visit."—*Primitive Culture*.

see visions or to take diseased fancies for realities. By the way, it may be observed that if Mr. Tylor would just have tried the experiment of fasting through one Lent, he would have pretty certainly found out that fasting, for the most part, has anything but an ecstatic effect. *Experto crede.* Then, in the second place, he is once more false to his promise in taking a portion of our revealed system, and ridiculing it because it professes to be above nature. I say a portion of our system, because, although the Church does not vouch for the genuineness of every vision recorded in the Bollandists,* yet she does commit herself to the doctrine that supernatural visions are possible and are granted to her children.† Again, therefore; I repeat, St. Theresa's fasting was no legitimate subject for Mr. Tylor's comment; no more so than for a similarly misjudged comment on a miracle recorded to have been worked a few years ago by some dust from the tomb of blessed Berchmans. The citation of instances relating to superstitions about the dead should have omitted the example of a Catholic saint; at least it should not have included this case as one of those not pertaining to revealed religion.

* The Bollandists themselves, of course, often reject visions.

† It is a great mistake to suppose that every one who fasts pretends to visions. With the comparatively rare exceptions of persons specially favored, the well-instructed Catholic goes to the grave without once fancying to have had a vision. One cause, according to Mr. Tylor, of the wide divergence of religious thought, *e. g.*, in England, "is the partial and one-sided application of the method of historical inquiry into theological doctrines, and the utter neglect of the ethnographical method, which carries back the historical into remoter and more primitive regions of thought. Looking at each doctrine in itself and for itself, theologians close their eyes to the instances which history is ever holding up before them, that one phase of religious belief is the outcome of another; that in all time religion has included in its limits a system of philosophy expressing its more or less transcendental conceptions in doctrines which form, in any age, their fittest representatives, but which doctrines are liable to modification in the general course of intellectual change; whether the ancient formulas still hold their authority with altered meaning, or are themselves reformed or replaced. The general study of the ethnography of religion seems to countenance the theory of evolution in its highest and widest sense."

—*Primitive Culture.*

Similarly out of place are Mr. Tylor's harsh words about the infallible Pope—the harshest words in his book. The attack goes on the supposition that the Pope, with nothing to help him but natural means, claims to settle infallibly disputes that perplex the rest of the world. To argue from this view of the case is not only an *ignoratio elenchi*, it is an ignoring of all common sense. Of course it would be wildly absurd for the Pope to claim infallibility without Divine warrant, or outside the scope of Divine warrant. But no one ever set up such a claim; and all objections that imply this claim fall to the ground for lack of a leg to stand upon.

Yet another point more. We have heard it repeated *ad nauseam* lately, that the only way of thoroughly understanding an idea is to become acquainted with its genesis—with its gradual evolution from the time it first took shape in the rude mind of the savage. I do not care to contest what of pretty obvious truth there is in this theory. But suppose certain ideas to have been evolved as much according to rule as you like, yet, if revelation steps in, over and above natural development, it may give to certain notions a degree of advancement far ahead of their age—an advancement which evolution, continued through cycles of years, would not have attained. At least, then, ideas got by revelation are not safe matter for illustrating the theory of development. So long, therefore, as Mr. Tylor is confining himself to purely natural research, he is welcome to his notion that the stages of development in the idea of sacrifice were these—the gift theory, the homage theory, and the abnegation theory. But what right has he to drag the Eucharistic Sacrifice into the question? The sacrifice of the Mass is claimed as a matter of direct revelation, and with revelation Mr. Tylor disclaims interference. Not only the victim of the Sacrifice was

revealed, but the motive and all about it. All would have been the same, whether the revelation had been made at the stage of the gift theory, or the homage theory, or the abnegation theory, supposing there have been such stages.

These instances, which are here brought to an end, are all the more valuable as they are taken from a book marked by many signs of moderation. The author is often very candid in his admissions. He acknowledges—certainly with truth—that he has not *demonstrated* the original savagery of man, and that the data for his theory are “miserably deficient.” For the most part, too, he keeps to his promise of treating of natural phenomena only by natural means of inquiry. Only here and there does he step out of his course and put Christianity to tests which she never professed to be able to stand. Say to her, You are naturally unaccountable, and she bows and says, Yes.

Perhaps it will be urged that Mr. Tylor's comparatively few remarks about matters of revelation are mere casual illustrations and no essential portion of his book. Be it so; but they are still reprehensible, for they are instances out of point. As far as they go to show anything, they go to show this, that the supernatural is not the natural. Whoever said it was?

To return once more to the burden of my song, to what I have repeated so often in different words, sometimes, perhaps, in the same words, do not, I say, find fault with Christianity simply because she is what she professes to be. Do not tell her that reason cannot fathom some of her doctrines, for the same has been her declaration from the beginning. Do not announce to her as a discovery that her claims are very high, beyond the measure of what a human institution has a right to exact from man. Her sole excuse for making these claims is,

that she is not a human institution. Go then to the heart of the matter, which in brief is this: Was or was not Christ the Son of God? Did or did not Christ found a Church to be the teacher of all men in all ages? Good will seldom come from contending about details whilst the great fundamental question remains unanswered. If the Church is a divinely guided teacher, whatever she teaches is true, and that solves all difficulties; if she is not, why then that solves all difficulties too, for she is an impostor beyond all condonation.

Meantime, not for the sake of rationalists, but for the sake of men of good will, let this truth be proclaimed, simply because it is true and to proclaim it is well, that God, who will have all things bow to his dominion, insists on the subjection, the reasonable subjection, of his noblest work on earth, the human intelligence. The highest homage man can pay to God is the submission of his understanding and will. God has made it a law, verified by the whole course of the world's history, that minds which will not submit to be checked by the authority that he has established, shall pay the penalty of running riot into all sorts of contradictory errors, and shall never find sure standing-ground in those questions which most concern the whole destiny of man.* God,

* A notable instance is this, only a few years ago rationalists parted company with Scripture, because it said that all mankind were descended from a single pair. No rationalist could prove that the present variety of races was inconsistent with identity of origin; but there was a difficulty, and this was enough; they were not going to gulp down difficulties for the sake of Scripture. This difficulty, so far as ever it was a real one, is as real now as it was before. Yet it is no obstacle to a whole crowd of rationalists now trooping off, helter-skelter, in the very opposite direction to their previous flight from Biblical teaching. In favor of Scripture they would not sink one single difficulty; in favor of a wild and utterly unproved hypothesis, they will sink not this one alone, but literally thousands of others. Not only species may develop varieties, but species may develop new species; the vegetable may develop the animal, and lifeless matter may develop life. At least, to put the case very mildly, there is still as much difficulty in believing man to be evolved out of the fiery cloud as there was formerly in believing the negro and the Caucasian to have had one father, Adam. If then the latter difficulty was a bar to the acceptance of Scripture, why is the latter no bar to the acceptance of evolution?

says Scripture, "gave the world over for men to dispute about." He expected natural science to move to and fro, to advance by a zigzag path. But as to the vital truths of eternity, he meant them to be fixed as rocks. Therefore he gave a revelation, and constituted a guardian of the doctrines he had revealed, so that on these points all might be certain who would. Rationalists reject this security; they scorn to be guided by any but their own lights. The peril is their own: *ipsi vident*.

This further remark is in point, that if science would show to the evidences of Christianity one fraction of the favor which it shows to the probabilities, it does not call them evidences, which lend some color to its own anti-Christian speculations, its objections would soon give way to the far weightier difficulties which lie against the objections themselves. Would that Rationalism were true to reason! Would even that Rationalism recognized reason for what she is! For it is bad enough to gauge revelation by pure reason; but when reason is reduced to sensism or phenomenalism, why bad is made worse.

These concluding words are words of assertion, not of proof, though they assert no more than is capable of proof. It is well that such assertions should be made merely as assertions. Materialists are gaining most of their influence over the people by bold assertion. It is by daring, reiterated, unwearied, ceaseless assertions, to the effect that man

was once latent in a fiery cloud, that thought is a product of nerve-vibration, that souls are the foolish fancies of an unscientific age, that there is no personal, knowable God, it is by assertions like these, independent of all demonstration, that Rationalists work on the too susceptible mind of the multitude. Of recently enrolled freethinkers, there is scarce one in a thousand that can give even a moderately plausible reason for what he holds, still less for what he refuses to hold. They will tell you complacently that they have no difficulty of the evolution theory, except perhaps some little point of this sort, if the middle of the earth is a gaseous mass, how can the centre of gravity be there, at the lightest part? which just shows that they know nothing about the fine theories they make show of adopting. They are the converts of assertion. In the cause of right we surely may have recourse to a similar method of assertion, with this difference, that our assertions are true. Let us unflinchingly, everywhere and always, assert the doctrines which we know to be so certain and so all-important to the well-being of our fellows, that man is the direct creation of God; that we have souls; that by these souls we are made intelligent, responsible creatures, responsible to a God Whom we know and Who knows us, Who will be our Judge at death, and assign to us an immortal destiny of joy or of woe, according to our works done here in the flesh, in this place of our probation, whence we shall be all summoned soon.

THE VOICE OF CONSCIENCE.

SADNESS must always in some measure be associated with a sick-room, and yet in many a one sorrow is softened and embellished, as a grave is beautified and adorned, by a veil of flowers.

Not so was it with the sick-bed of Maurice Denman. The man who loved no one but himself, and himself much less than wealth and property, now stood before the gates of eternity, and though his failing strength and increasing sufferings daily and hourly reminded him of this certainty, he would not believe it. Instead of raising his heart to God and seeking and finding strength in the hope of the happiness of heaven, he clung as a drowning man does to a straw to this perishing life.

He is resting with closed eyes upon his bed. Bad dreams are perhaps distressing him, for his compressed lips and the deep furrows on his brow tell either of mental or bodily suffering.

Not far from him, busied with her needle, sits the daughter of the sick man, a fair girl of sixteen. On the table before her stands a lamp which, with its paper shade, throws its light only immediately around, leaving the rest of the room in gloomy obscurity.

There was something in Jenny's appearance which singularly riveted attention. Perhaps this was chiefly caused by the contrast between the girl's tender years and the expression of melancholy which overshadowed her features. She sat quite still, while her busy fingers plied their task, and from time to time she raised her eyes to cast an inquiring look towards the bed. She knew not how near was her father's death; young and inexperienced, she did not fully understand the threatening symptoms, she only knew that the sick man suffered greatly, and she

was full of sorrow for him, for although Denman's character was not of a kind to attract the love of those about him, his daughter had always entertained for him the affection of a child.

Suddenly the sick man uttered a cry. Jenny hastened to his bed and bent anxiously over her father, who stared wildly at her.

"What is it? are you in pain?" she asked.

The expression of terror gradually faded from Denman's face. He looked searchingly around, and this look, which chased away the impression of a painful dream, restored his composure.

"Bad dreams," he murmured. "Things are just as they were, and the walls are all standing. But for how much longer? I hate the man who would pull down the old buildings that he may erect new ones in their place."

"They say that the walls are falling to decay," replied Jenny, "but as yet we do not know whether what we have heard is true. We have had no notice about it from our landlord."

"That is true," said the sick man, thoughtfully, "but the anxiety—the anxiety still remains. If we could only ascertain whether the report is founded on truth! Jenny, go and send some one to the agent and learn whether the report is to be believed."

Jenny made some objection and begged her father to wait till her mother came home. The idea of sending such a message, and particularly at so late an hour, seemed to her so strange that she was not willing to execute the orders which proceeded from the distressed imagination of a sick man; added to which she was reluctant to leave him alone even for a short time.

But Denman would allow of no delay; he expressly commanded the

girl to carry his wishes into effect at once, and she could do nothing but obey the singular orders of her father.

Jenny left the room and went to the kitchen to give directions to the maid not to leave her place during her absence, and to hold herself in readiness to attend to the bell should it ring.

The cross old servant had tied a white handkerchief about her withered face, her usual defence against attacks of rheumatism, earache, and cold. She murmured a few unintelligible words expressive of her assent.

Jenny hastened to fulfil her commission. A young man was standing before the door of the gardener's house. He had just returned home from his day's work, and while he was coaxing his short pipe into its duty he was reckoning how much of his daily wages must go for the necessities of life, and how little was left for pleasure. He was quite ready to undertake the young lady's commission; it would not cost him much trouble and he would earn a trifle by it.

Jenny had hardly left the kitchen to return to her father, when the wrapped-up head of the old servant appeared at the window inquiring of the messenger what had been her young mistress's directions. Of these she was soon satisfied.

"I think he in there is a fool," she said, pointing with her thumb towards the door leading to Denman's room; "or else he is the greatest miser living."

"Can it be true, then, that he is very rich?"

"I have never seen his money with my own eyes," answered the maid, "but people say that he has so much that he could pave the streets with sovereigns. How is it that for a length of time no one, not even his wife or daughter, ever enters his room? You may believe me—it is then that he counts his

gold, while his wife and child, and what is worse, I myself, suffer from hunger. But I shall not hold out much longer—but what is that noise?" she said, stopping short, as a cry of alarm and a loud knocking met her ear.

The lad, who had been detained too long by the old servant's complaints, made off, and the next moment the door was hastily opened and Jenny, pale and in evident alarm, rushed in.

"Barbara!" she cried, with a trembling voice, "what can I do? The door of my father's room is locked within; he will not open it nor answer my call."

The maid hastened to the adjoining room. Like many other people she thought she should be able to do what others had been unable to succeed in; she tried to open the door, and when her attempts were ineffectual she raised her voice to its shrillest tones. But all in vain, no sound answered from within—all was still as death in the sick man's room!

It was some minutes before Jenny and the maid were convinced of the utter uselessness of their endeavors; then they hastened to take other measures. They fetched some people from without with whose help the door was forced. Trembling in every limb, Jenny rushed into the room. She turned to her father's bed—it was vacant. With a cold shudder she cast her eyes around, and uttering a cry hastened to the further end of the room, where her father's form lay stretched white and motionless on the floor.

They carried Denman to his bed, and sent for the doctor; but it was soon evident that help came too late. The soul of the unhappy man had fled.

Hardly a year had elapsed since the death of the old man, and the work, the apprehension of which had filled him with such unnecessary fears, was indeed begun without causing any annoyance to him. A

number of workmen were daily busy about the old house, which was now a mere ruin, and were engaged in pulling down walls and outbuildings. The rooms which had witnessed scenes of pleasure and of sorrow, the beginning and the end of life, in which innocent children had played and age had waited trembling on the brink of the grave—all are thrown open to the gaze of the passer-by, who looks at the ruin with curiosity, little recking of the tragedies which may have been enacted within those papered walls.

Now there is noise and destruction all around. Clouds of dust ascend from the walls and surround the busy laborers. John Horner, the gardener's son, is engaged in demolishing the remains of the room in which Denman lived, and thinking not only of his death but of the singular circumstance that after his decease no trace was to be found of the wealth he was supposed to possess. In fact his wife and daughter were left entirely unprovided for, and were obliged to earn their bread by the labor of their hands.

All at once his tool struck against some substance which gave a metallic ring. Horner bent down and saw with surprise an iron-bound chest concealed in the wall supporting the roof. The thought occurred to him that here might be the riches which were supposed to have been possessed by the deceased. He looked hastily around to see whether any one had observed his discovery, but the workmen who were near him were too much occupied with their own proceedings to pay any attention to his.

He stood still for a moment to consider. It would have been natural to tell the others of his discovery, to free the chest from rubbish, and to restore it to its rightful owners. What was it that kept the young man from doing this? He did not know himself. He had no idea of defrauding the lawful owners of their

right, but he wished to keep the discovery to himself, find out what the chest inclosed, and get a handsome reward for its restoration. He had no doubt that it contained a large sum of money. He therefore covered over the place where it lay with rubbish, and then withdrew to carry on the work of destruction in some other quarter,

He worked less zealously than before; his thoughts were always turned towards the chest, and he was full of impatience to examine it.

When he returned home in the twilight, he threw himself on his bed and lay for a length of time in darkness. But he slept not; he awaited with restless anxiety the time when the streets should be deserted.

It was about ten o'clock when he left the house, but it appeared to him to be too early to visit the ruins; there were too many people in the streets. He wandered about as chance led him, his cheek glowed, his blood was in a ferment; the moonlight streamed down upon the town, which became more and more quiet. The young man at last turned his steps towards the half-demolished house; the moon lighted him clearly to the spot, and he began to remove the rubbish from his treasure. It was hard work to drag the heavy chest from its place in the wall, particularly as he desired to avoid making any noise, but at last it was safe in his hands, and he rose with it from his bent position.

As he rose his eye fell on what he thought was the figure of a man who stood at some little distance looking at him. With difficulty he suppressed a cry, and holding his treasure with both hands he fled in haste. It would have been impossible for him to find his way had not the locality been so well known to him: before long he was beyond the reach of pursuit, and turning into a side street leaned breathless against a lamppost. He

looked furtively around. No one was near, no one was in pursuit.

After resting for awhile he turned his steps slowly homeward. He was now first sensible that it had become cold, and when he had entered his room and placed the chest upon the table he felt weak and trembling as if in a fit of ague. He hastily swallowed a glass of beer, which greatly refreshed him, his strength returned, he locked the door of his room and taking a hatchet dealt a blow upon the chest that at once shattered its top.

Trembling with emotion, Horner thrust in his hand and drew forth a quantity of yellow papers. They were old letters and receipts. He could hardly suppress a cry of contempt and disappointment. Had he indeed taken all this trouble for the sake of some musty old papers? He threw them aside and felt once more in the chest. What he now brought to light exceeded his highest expectations; the chest contained papers which represented a very considerable amount of money.

His head swam as he looked. What happiness to be able to call such a sum his own; what fulness of enjoyment! The possessor of this chest might obtain all that the most refined luxury could desire; and it was in his hands; no one knew of it. The old miser had concealed it in a hollow in the wall of which no one knew but himself, and it was for that reason that the thought that his home might be pulled down and his treasure discovered had given him so much alarm. The fear of being robbed tormented him day and night; he did not even confide to his wife and daughter the secret of the place where his treasure was concealed; on the contrary, he asserted that he had nothing, and how the truth that he was a rich man got wind in the village no one could at all make out. On the day of his death, after his daughter had left the room it is conjectured that he

intended, after he had bolted the door, to feast his eyes once more on his concealed wealth and assure himself that it rested undisturbed; for it might have happened that his wife and daughter had robbed him during his long sleep. But death was too prompt for him; the secret went down with him to the grave, and his successors were left in a state of bitter poverty.

The morning dawned, and Horner still sat at the table with the chest and the papers before him. Again and again he reckoned up the large amount. He thought of the sum which he should ask as a reward, for as yet he intended to act uprightly, but what would that paltry sum be in comparison with his enormous gain if he kept his discovery a secret? Yesterday the poor workman would have thought a hundred guineas a vast possession; now, blinded by avarice, this sum seemed a miserable pittance. He leaned and gave way to pleasing imaginings. He saw himself in a handsome carriage drawn by prancing horses, his house was supplied with every earthly comfort, and his table with every delicacy and the most costly wines; he was surrounded by servants, feasted, envied, and the more he gave himself up to the contemplation of these pictures, so much the weaker did the warning voice of conscience become.

When the sun darted his golden rays into the room, and the noise of footsteps and the rolling of carriages in the streets reminded the dreamer that the business of the day had resumed its course, the struggle was over; the man whose character had hitherto passed unblemished was now to be marked as a thief; for he would purchase the pleasures of life with property that was not his own. He extinguished the lamp, returned the papers to the chest, and locked it up in his closet.

Horner saw clearly that he could not suddenly appear as a rich man

without being able to show whence his change of fortune had arisen. He therefore considered carefully how he should act. In any case it would be best to remove from his native town and settle elsewhere for a time. How if he were to go away and return home a rich man? This plan appeared the best. Of course, he saw how it would serve his plan to remain, for a time at least, at his usual employment, and to continue to win that humble wage that, once so coveted, had suddenly become too mean and contemptible to be worth a thought or hold out an inducement to exertion; but, though he saw that this course would best ward off all suspicion now, or prevent it arising hereafter on his return as a rich man, the necessity for labor was removed, he felt that he could not return to hard manual work. He gave up the idea. It was impossible to resume the use of his laborer's tools, even for a short time, so he told his fellow-workmen that he had a letter from an uncle and must immediately leave home, and on the evening of the same day he went to the station and took a ticket for the train to W——.

After an absence of some months Horner returned to his native town. He had left it a grub, he returned a butterfly; from the day-laborer he had become a fine gentleman. But though he would not allow it even to himself, the change was little to his benefit. He did not, we say, believe it, for pride filled his breast when he pictured to himself the surprise and admiration of his old acquaintances; yet the satisfaction of his vanity could not appease the gnawings of conscience.

It is easy to get accustomed to a life of luxury, and the more easy, the greater have been the subsequent privations. The laborer of a short time since, who would have thought that to traverse the distance he had to go was mere child's play, now

beckoned a cab; he was too indolent and too fine to enter the town on foot. "To the best hotel in B——!" he said to the driver, and when he alighted there, and every one hastened to attend to the wishes of the new arrival, spoke to him with the greatest respect and showed him into the best room in the hotel, he could not repress a feeling of triumph.

But this mood did not long continue; the recollection of the shameful act to which he owed all his present enjoyment mixed wormwood in his cup of pleasure, and if he sometimes succeeded in stifling its bitterness for awhile he could not entirely destroy it, and before long it returned.

At last he hit upon a project which he hoped would bring him peace. He determined to send so considerable a sum of money to Denman's widow and daughter as should preserve them from want. This he thought would quiet the gnawing worm forever, and enable him to enjoy the pleasures of the world undisturbed.

After partaking of a good dinner he slept for a few hours. Then he dressed and repaired to the theatre. A new piece was represented. It had no particular merit, but it was full of theatrical effect. The hero was a man, who by falsifying a will, obtained possession of a very large property, but was at last overtaken by the world's justice. The audience were deeply interested, they were loud in their applause of the clever and artistic representation of the sufferings of the conscience-stricken criminal, and evidenced the greatest satisfaction when at the end of the drama the property was restored to the rightful owners. For Horner the evening was one of torture. He felt as if every one must read his heart and know that it was his story that was being represented on the stage. He was red and white by turns, and yet he had not courage to rise and withdraw from the theatre..

At last the entertainment was over. He hastened back quickly to his hotel, where a luxurious supper awaited him, elegantly served. But however enticing the well-covered, brilliantly lighted table might once have been to him, he was now in no mood to enjoy it. He took a little food and drank a glass of wine, but it did him no good. The evening at the theatre had destroyed his appetite. He soon extinguished the lights and retired to rest. He was tired and sank into a deep sleep. In his dream he was again a laborer, who on a bright Sunday morning was crossing the country to visit his uncle and his pretty daughter. The birds sang, the sky was blue, and everything around was beautiful. He felt so light and joyful that a song rose to his lips; but he awoke, and the song died away. He shuddered with fear. A ray of moonshine fell through the blinds and threw a pale light on the remains of the supper. He looked around and everything helped to remind him that he was no longer a poor laborer, but a rich man with every enjoyment within his power. And yet tears rushed to his eyes, his heart was filled with sorrow unspeakable, he grieved over his vanished dream, over the good he had lost, his clear conscience.

In the morning he determined to carry out his plan, and to surprise the Denman family by a handsome present. He knew where they lived. He would take the money to them himself, for taught by his own conduct, he had become too suspicious to consider any one trustworthy. He stepped to the mirror, and as he looked at himself he felt that it was impossible for any one to recognize him. His dress, and thick beard that covered his lips and chin had completely altered his appearance. Besides, it was not likely that they would look much at him till they had examined the contents of the packet, and he would hardly have

given it into their hands before he would have departed.

He walked quickly through the streets, for he wished to complete his business without delay. Having reached the widow's dwelling he asked an old woman who was sweeping at the house-door if this was the right place. "Yes, she lives there," replied the old woman, "but if you are come to make a seizure you are too late; it is all over."

"Seizure?" repeated Horner. "Upon whom is the seizure?"

"Upon the Denmans. There, to the right. You will find it all bare enough now."

Without thanking her for her unwelcome intelligence, Horner turned to the house she had pointed out, and knocked at the door; it was immediately opened, and Jenny Denman stood before him. She looked so pale and sad that the words died upon his lips and he gave her the packet in silence. She would not take it till she knew what it contained and from whom it came. There was no movement which betrayed any recognition, so Horner's courage rose and he stepped over the threshold.

"May I speak a word with your mother?" he said, for he had hoped the widow would not be so unwilling to receive the packet as her daughter.

Jenny went towards a corner of the room where some one was resting on a sack of straw. The old woman was sitting with her head bowed down on her hands, the image of silent despair. As she heard Horner's step she raised her head and fastened her eyes, red with weeping, on the young man.

All his blood flew to Horner's heart; he was deeply affected by the sight of the pale, wasted girl, and the mother bowed down by grief. He was hardly able to bring out a few words; but he found the widow equally as reluctant as her daughter; she refused to take the packet unless

she knew its contents and from whom it came.

"It contains money," said Horner, as he opened it and showed some of the notes. "Some one who knows and esteems you has come into a considerable inheritance, and has great pleasure in making you a partaker of his good fortune."

"Heavens!" cried the widow, "now I know you, John—pardon me—Mr. Horner. Jenny, Jenny! do you remember the gardener's son who they told us had come into a large fortune?"

The cheeks of the young man burned; it was useless to deny his identity. They knew him.

"Yes, I am he," he said; "I am John Horner."

"Then it is quite true that you have become so rich. But I do not know why you should have come so generously to make us a present," remarked Jenny.

"Such a large sum!" added the widow; "it is too much—such generosity is unheard of."

"Can we accept it, mother?" said Jenny.

"You can, you must, if you will not deeply grieve me," said Horner, and the tone of his voice was so moving that the refusal died away from the lips of the two women; "you would rob me of my only consolation—that of sharing my undeserved luck with the unfortunate."

Meanwhile, the old woman had risen from her straw sack and had counted the contents of the packet. She was overpowered by the greatness of the sum, and in her speechless gratitude she seized the hand of the young man and covered it with kisses and with tears.

"Our preserver, our benefactor!" she stammered. "May God reward him for this act."

Horner's head swam; the blessing of the old woman sounded like a fearful curse in his ear. His con-

science could no longer bear the weight of his oppressive secret. He fell on his knees exclaiming: "Oh speak not thus to me! I cannot suffer it. I am a scoundrel, a wretch who has deprived you of your rightful wealth."

Mother and daughter exchanged looks of alarm. They could only imagine that the mind of the young man was disturbed, but they were soon undeceived as to this.

With a voice trembling with emotion, but in a clear and distinct manner, John Horner told them of his discovery in the old house, and of what had followed.

"Do what you please with me," he said in conclusion; "if you give me up to justice I cannot complain. What I have robbed you of shall be returned; all of it—but what am I saying?" he added, sorrowfully, "I cannot return what I have spent in the last few months."

He turned away and covered his face. Then he let his hands fall and hastened away. On that same day the whole of the remaining property was restored to its possessors, who did all they could to conceal the crime of the unhappy man. But Horner could not remain in the town under the present circumstances.

It was early morning when John Horner left the church on the following day. He had made a repentant confession and received Holy Communion. Light in spirit did the young man leave the town. The widow Denman had not only declared to the penitent man that she fully pardoned him, but she would have helped him to set out in a new course of life if he would have permitted it.

He went forth into the world poor, it is true, but much happier than at the time when all the pleasures he had purchased by his sin were embittered by its remembrance. He had fought the great battle with himself, and had conquered.

LIGHT IN THE DARK AGES.

MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

THE middle ages, says M. Benjamin Guerard, is the produce of pagan civilization, of Germanic barbarism, and of Christianity. The period so called dates from A.D. 476, on the fall of Augustulus, and its termination is regarded as about 1453, at the taking of Constantinople by Mahomet II, and consequently the fate of two empires, that of the West and that of the East, marks its duration. These mediæval times are as often termed the "dark" as the "middle" ages. The former word signifying the worse than Cimmerian darkness which hung over all art and literature, and the depth of degradation to which the peoples had fallen in barbarity and ignorance.

Now we propose to show that it was not *all* dark in those days; that the light of truth and knowledge burned then as steadily if not as brightly as now; that religion's lamp shed a radiance over the stricken earth that those who wished to profit by it could not fail to see. Empires rose and fell; individuals trod their brief hour upon the stage, and died, and were forgotten, but still the Church lived on. Roman refinement had reached the highest point to which a civilization purely pagan could carry it, and that highest point presented the paradox of the deepest degradation. A civilization without God or the steady anchor of a fixed faith could not be otherwise. The later pagan philosophers were too learned to be deluded any longer by the deities of Olympus, and Jupiter and his thunderbolts were feared by them no more. Those fables of their forefathers might do to satisfy the common herd, and, as a restraining element, be useful with the ignorant; but for those who had become imbued with the learning of the schools, something more was

needed. Those who could find nothing to satisfy the higher cravings of their souls in the world around them, and who cared not to look for a holier source of relief, settled themselves into a selfish materialism, which rendered them hard, cruel, sensual, and debased. Others found what their natures craved in the marvellous city *beneath* the seven hills, and descending into the catacombs, reappeared only to bear testimony to their sacred faith in the wondering eyes of their former associates. Persecution followed persecution, and yet the seed transplanted from the lakes and mountains of Judea and watered by the blood of Peter and of Paul, germinated slowly but surely in those hidden caves, fighting with a divine strength the superincumbent giant of paganism, which constantly threatened to crush and destroy. It was upon this double Rome of piety and Paganism that the Germanic hordes descended with destructive force; destructive only, however, to the evil genius which had reigned so long in the halls of the Cæsars—sweeping away all the luxuries and destroying all the refinements of the pagan monster. It was not until these barbarians had accomplished the work divinely appointed for them to do, that the hidden Rome stepped forth from her caverns and catacombs, and, with a power mightier than the sword, checked and subdued them.

From that time, Christianity steadily and openly pursued her God-given mission, and as that mission was boundless, she neglected no one point in her efforts to ameliorate, improve, and elevate the condition of the world.

And as the family is the focus whence the world is influenced

for good or evil, so it was in the family the earliest efforts at true civilization were made. Example alone, at first, was the only means to be used. The infant Church was too weak to employ the heavier one of law and precept; she could only lead by gentlest means; she could not force or threaten those who did not acknowledge her authority. The Church and State represent two aspects of human life, the religious and the secular, and in those days Christianity was not strong enough to prove its relation equally to both. Upon the family it could take a strong if silent hold, but the State was as yet beyond its reach. To the family, then, we must look for the first gleam of light in the dark ages.

The domestic life among the Romans and barbarians was only a reflex of their public existence. Woman was degraded almost below the standard of humanity, and regarded as a slave bound to contribute in every way to the comfort and pleasure of her lord and master. Although the Roman law did not recognize polygamy, there was nothing to prevent concubinage, and no woman who possessed the least charm of person was safe unless she were the daughter of a wealthy patrician, and then her fate was only less sad, in that she was generally sold by her father and owner to the highest bidder, without reference to her own wishes or a thought of the future which might be in store for her. With the barbarians her state was even worse, for while the male members of the tribes were busy only with thoughts of plunder and rapine, the females were regarded wholly and entirely as servants, and as possessing no rights their masters were bound to regard. In neither case was the meaning of the word "home" comprehended. In all the brilliant history of Rome, not six women's names stand out as having made their mark upon the age in the

sphere in which they should thrive—the domestic life—while we are hearing and reading constantly of those for whom the mothers and wives of all succeeding years must blush to recognize as of their own sex. If the banquets of Rome were graced by lovely women, they were of the Faustina type, not the Cornelias of the day. Here there was a wide field for Christianity, and here the vigor of the new religion, its power as the great civilizer of the world, its exalted character as the precursor of the highest intellectual achievements, its mighty potency in producing a sterling morality and solacing human grief, displayed itself long before the world was forced to stand still and wonder at the strength of Papal Rome.

Gradually the conversion of one or two members of a family influenced the whole. A man, finding his wife practicing the hitherto unknown virtues of charity, unquestioning and loving obedience, a patience the result of Christian humility rather than the resignation of despair, naturally looked for the cause of so great a change, and finding it, if he did not at once profess himself a Christian, at least honored and respected the wife who did. The mind and morals of the children were tenderly cared for, and the seed thus cared for soon bore fruit in kind. But still all was rude and barbarous; poverty had much to suffer from wealth, weakness from strength. Wars and rumors of wars were all that occupied the minds of men; they laughed learning to scorn, holding that study and research among musty tomes was fit employment for the priests and womankind, and for them only. When Clovis first heard read the sad and sacred story of the tragedy of Calvary, he laid his hand impetuously upon his sword, and exclaimed, "Would I and my brave Franks had been there!"

Clovis was the first Christian mon-

arch, and although his strong arm was ever at the service of the Church, though the struggling faith found in him a bulwark against the spread of the heresy of Arianism, it also found that the habits of his early days were also as strong in the new convert as his recently acquired belief, and Clovis lived and died a Christianized barbarian. Under him and his successors the family life assumed an entirely new phase. But the manners and customs of the age were still uncouth and bizarre. The feasts and revels were scenes of great debauchery, and gambling was carried to a great excess. Bloodshed was not an unfrequent occurrence at banquets, and the bishops and clergy would have been unable to restrain these excesses, but for the assistance of the royal power. Some of the Merovingian kings received at their table bishops who blessed the assembly at the commencement of the meal, and were charged besides to recite chapters of holy writ, or to sing hymns out of the divine service so as to edify and occupy the minds of the guests. It was thus that it became the custom for the rich and high born to consider a domestic chaplain as an indispensable retainer of the family. Whilst the festivals of the Church were kept as holidays in order to relieve the overworked peasantry, all dancing and unseemly revelry was positively forbidden. From the conversion of Clovis the influence of the church was felt in the laws which governed the people: the penal code was revised and moderated; marriage with sister-in-law, mother-in-law, aunt, or niece, was forbidden, and in Clothaire's reign prelates sat as members of the Supreme Council, from whose decision there was no appeal.

Meantime the bishops of Rome had been quietly watching over the young Church and strengthening it on all sides, but it was not until the grant to them of the Exarchate of Ravenna and of the Pentapolis by

Pepin placed them in a measure in an independent position, that their influence was felt to the farthest limits of the then civilized world. The barbarism of slavery was still upheld and practiced, and the earliest efforts of religion were turned to the amelioration of that state and the final emancipation of the victims. Under the benign influence of the Church the arts and sciences and literature soon began to grow apace, and we find in the castles of the nobility a yearly increasing luxury and refinement. At all times during the middle ages ardent faith led to the decoration of altars and churches, for in those ages of faith too much honor could never be rendered to the Real Presence, the "divine Prisoner of the Tabernacle," and artistic taste was constantly devising ornamentations in carved wood, and gold, and silver work. The great ladies and their waiting women employed themselves in embroidering altar cloths and vestments, and the magnificent churches of Europe testify to this day the faith and charity of the architects who designed and the laborers who built them. Nor was the noble needlewomen's industry confined to church ornamentation alone. That of their own homes and halls was also considered. We find furniture covered with damask or embroidery as early as 1352, and in 1390 they had learned to stuff chairs with straw. Table services of gold and silver were in use from the earliest civilization, and forks of two tines were known in 1370, while knives and spoons are of undoubted antiquity, as well as *nut-crackers*. Ceramic art also was early practiced, and the faience of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries will compare favorably with the works at Sèvres, or the English Wedgwood.

As the influence of religion was felt more and more, society assumed new phases. We have already spoken of the efforts of the Church to ame-

liorate the condition of the slave—it had early taken the poor and forsaken to its bosom as its brightest jewels. In those ages of faith, this portion of the populace was cared for with a tenderness which sprung from charity, that is, love of God, not as a matter of political economy to rid society of obnoxious members. Almshouses, hospitals, and asylums were in the hands of those who had vowed themselves to the service of God in his poor, and in every poverty-stricken creature, and in each sufferer, no matter how loathsome the disease, saw but a fellow-creature and child of God, and therefore one deserving of their greatest tenderness and care. Not only in the middle ages, neither in France alone, nor in Europe, but in the whole world, we find at all times superstition mixed with the religious beliefs and private life of the people. Witness the witchcraft horrors of New England, no less than the dragons and monsters of the early ages. We might say that superstition was the parasite of all religion, an inevitable outgrowth, and in some weak and simple souls it becomes more powerful than religion itself. Thus Christianity, with its mysticism, its elevation of the heart, and its solemn character, more than all others, and above all more than paganism, conduced to this thoughtfulness and melancholy of the human soul, and thus the middle ages, that epoch of naïve ignorance and ardent faith, gave a strong support to that love of the marvellous which often tormented superior souls and which seemed to be an imperious want of those saddened and depressed by the hard necessity of the material world. Religion and superstition were in some sort twin sisters, equally cherished and honored in those times of credulous fervor, and often these two, so distinct in themselves, were even thought to be one, cherished as such in some dominant idea of the people, and reigned undivided in the interior

of the family no less than in the exterior exercises of worship. Legends of the saints became in the mouths of the ignorant grotesque superstitions. This was the outgrowth of the influence of the ancient religions, and formed as it were the atmosphere of the middle ages, and ideas, sentiment, manners, and customs were infiltrated with it. Against this moral miasma the Church from its cradle waged an unceasing war. It was the chaff which chokes up the good grain, and the only means of thoroughly winnowing the harvest was by instructions and teachings. Ignorance is ever the parent of vice, and therefore the Church established free schools from the beginning, that there might be no excuse for it in the poverty of the people. Against this most insidious evil, preaching, praying, and teaching were constantly employed, and councils and synods ceased not during all the course of the middle ages to lay the ban of the church against all superstitious practices, following them into all their secret hiding-places un pityingly. The Council of Paris, held in 829, pronounced strongly against these doubly pernicious evils, which were assuredly the remains of paganism, such as magic, astrology, sorcery, the evil eye, etc. The provincial council of York declared with St. Thomas that all superstition was idolatry.

Schools therefore received the early attention of the Church, and when we remember that what books there were were written, not printed, and therefore very rare, we can understand the difficulty attending the duty. Teaching was necessarily almost altogether oral, and teachers were to be found, with few exceptions, entirely among the clergy. The layman of that time was too busy with his wars or hunting to trouble himself about the youthful mind and its development. He would eagerly and willingly teach the young hand how to shoot, but not the young idea.

And upon this almost uncontrollable force the desire for military glory, the readiness to redress a wrong by an appeal to arms, the constant turmoils and quarrels, religion also laid a governing hand, and subdued and moulded it into reasonable shape. She prayed and sued for mercy towards the captives of the stronger arm; she forced the conqueror to treat them kindly and to ransom them. She offered her churches and religious houses as sanctuaries where the refugee was safe from harm. In every way she sought to curb the evil tendencies of human nature, never so violently displayed as in time of war. To this end the Truce of God was established after the famine of 1028-30, by the bishops of Aquitaine. This truce prohibited fighting on the holy days from Thursday evening to Sunday evening of each week during the entire season of Advent and Lent, and on certain festival days. The days of the week selected were those commemorative of the death and resurrection of our Lord. In this rule the Church endeavored to render less injurious an evil which it could not wholly remove. The regulation soon spread over France, and according to its terms all married persons, priests, monks, nuns, merchants, women, pilgrims, and cultivators of the soil enjoyed an undisturbed peace. In 1041 it was ordered that no private feuds should be prosecuted from sunset on Wednesday till sunrise on the following Monday. This was extended by the council of Clermont to the time from Advent to Epiphany, from Lent to eight days after Whitsuntide, and not long afterwards to the feast days of the Blessed Virgin, of John the Baptist, of the Apostles Peter and Paul, of all saints, and the vigils of those days. Calixtus II, at the council of Rheims, in 1136, renewed in the strongest language the Truce of God, commanding war to cease on the above-mentioned days throughout Christendom, and all

violators were to be excommunicated every Sunday in every parish church, and unless satisfaction was given either by themselves or by their children, they were deemed unworthy of Christian burial. Such were the means necessary in those rude days for the curbing of men's passions. Naturally, then, wars and feuds were brutal in the extreme, but the Church was ever the soothing power, the check upon the passions. The bishops carried out with as much dignity as benevolence their sublime mission of sympathy with the people and those who were oppressed; having a paternal solicitude for their flock, they placed themselves face to face with the conquerors, whom they knew how to pacify and conciliate.

Feudalism was a system in which evil ranked with good. It was a source of protection for the weak against the strong, at the same time that it afforded much license to the strong against the weak. The religious Suzerain was a sort of bulwark against crime in the power he held over his lay vassal, which was always exercised to restrain the passions and to curb the vices of the lawless, and to direct the strength thus gained for the protection of the weak.

In so circumscribed a space as that to which this article is confined, it would be impossible to give more than a cursory glance at the manners and customs of these mediæval times. But we have shown how religion constantly sought to exercise her salutary influence, and the civilization of to-day is a proof of her success. Had it not been for the Church the world would have sunk into a barbarity horrible to contemplate. It had a fearful battle to fight, and but for its God-given power it would have failed signally. The chaotic state of society was almost hopeless. But out of it was brought order and refinement, by slow but sure degrees. Those were the ages of faith, and the Church was recog-

nized and obeyed as speaking with divine authority, alike by the noble warrior and the peasant hind. Man had not then set up his finite intelligence as an infallible guide to heaven; he submitted humbly to a more certain leadership, and never found that it sent him astray. Religious ideas and feelings guided his every footstep, stood forth on all sides to restrain his lawlessness and to bless his faith. Its influence was not confined to a sermon on Sunday, and a few extempore prayers addressed to the throne of the Most High more as advice to the Almighty than as beseeching for mercy and help for mortal weakness.

The life of those days was necessarily rude. Houses were built with little regard to comfort, and it was not until the twelfth century that chimneys were added to them. Before that the fire was built in the middle of the stone floor, and the smoke allowed to escape through an opening in the roof. Floors were covered with rushes instead of carpets, which were a luxury introduced from Arabia by the returning Crusaders. Furniture was rude in construction at first, but gradually, as æsthetic tastes grew, carving and gilding and tapestry coverings rendered it rich in the extreme, though ponderous and heavy. Food was simple, and the supply chiefly from

the chase, cereals at first being much neglected, and their importance recognized only after the peaceful arts were more generally practiced. But domestic economy gradually became a study, and the proper relations of the several members of the family defined. Woman was recognized as an object of reverence and respect, in proportion as men honored and revered the Blessed Mother of their Redeemer and the women who had testified to their faith in their blood. Children were guarded carefully, and taught from their earliest days to avoid vice and practice virtue. The condition of the slave or servant was ameliorated, and their term of serfdom limited instead of being life-long. The rude arts of the ancients were preserved and improved, sciences developed under fostering care, and literature was ever a cherished object of attention.

Thus we see that, spite of the darkness necessary to the then confused transition state of the nations, the light which now shines so refulgently over the whole globe burned even then at first dimly, but fostered and fanned into a steadily increasing flame by the only power which had authority over the half-civilized men of that day—the religion of our Saviour as taught by His Church from Her throne upon the seven hills of the Eternal City.

A RAY OF SUNLIGHT.

I LAY on my bed and watched it,
 The quivering golden ray,
 Trembling over the old brown floor,
 A sunbeam at its play:
 It came and went so swiftly,
 It lingered, rose, and fell,
 Like a fairy shuttle weaving
 A wondrous woof and spell.

The cross that so heavily weighted
 My heart before it came,
 The shadow of a coming sorrow,
 I felt but could not name.
 The very pain that was wearing
 The long hours of my life,
 The chains of a forced endurance
 When I longed for work and strife.

At the touch of the bright enchanter
 All changed and fell away ;
 There was nothing about, above me,
 But the wondrous beauty of day.
 The charm of the arching heavens,
 The wave of the wind-tossed trees,
 The glint and gleam of the river,
 The kiss of the warm south breeze.

God sent that ray of sunlight,
 He makes the lesson clear ;
 Whatever lies before me
 His world is always here.
 I will always have the sunlight,
 The blessing of the rain,
 And after the dusty noontide
 The sweet dew fall again.

Roses and lilies blossom,
 If fortune smile or frown,
 The violet and the heliotrope
 Shall weave my sorrow's crown.
 On the glory of the sunset
 Pain cannot turn the key,
 And away from the cruel sweet bondage
 The winds will carry me.

O wondrous love and wisdom !
 O tender thought for those
 Who yield but half obedience,
 Scant pity to thy woes !
 The Sacred Heart that measured
 The depths of every grief
 Yearns over every burden,
 And offers sweet relief.

EUDOXIA.

A PICTURE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

CHAPTER I.

IN THE ANTECHAMBER.

It was the last year of the fourth century. In the imperial palace of Constantinople a strange silence reigned: every foot trod softly, every voice was subdued; it was as though all the inmates were oppressed by a sense of foreboding and expectation. In one of the antechambers, three men, lounging on luxurious cushions, had yielded to the influence of the prevailing atmosphere. One was asleep, the second was nodding, and the third was yawning. Suddenly the heavy silken curtain over the entrance door was drawn aside, and a fourth person glided in.

"Amantius!" cried the yawning gentleman so loud, that his companions were wide awake in a moment, while Amantius lifted his hand warningly. "Come, now, tell us all about it; have you seen her?"

"Seen her?—I!" was the amazed answer, "you are dreaming, Hylas!"

"And how long is this cheerful state of things to continue, I wonder? Sacrifices are offered in silence to the infernal gods; I think *our* sacrifice is unconscionably long."

"Only, good Hylas, there are no infernal gods," said Amantius quietly.

"True—only earthly goddesses—all I know is, but for you I should be apt to follow Arsenius."

"Then certainly it is well for you that I *am* here. Tired out with three quiet days, and yet meditating on the life of a solitary, and perpetual silence," said his friend smiling, "no, my Hylas, *that* is not your vocation."

"Ah—it just shows what ideas one may take up in a state of semipetrification."

"You may take up certainly:

Arsenius came to his resolution by rather a different process."

"How was it then? tell us, for pity's sake: anything to stir one up a bit; I feel myself shrivelling up perceptibly. Now begin—Arsenius was the tutor of the illustrious Arcadius."

But before Amantius could commence his tale, there was a rustling and movement in the outer antechambers. The four chamberlains started to their feet, and a haughty-looking woman entered. There were the remains of great beauty in her face, but the look of pride was still more striking. Hylas and his companions stood on each side in respectful attitudes, and the lady, in her long trailing robes of the finest white wool, passed silently between them. But when some other ladies were about to follow her, Amantius stepped forward, for the chamberlains had to guard the inner apartments, and if an exception were to be made in the first lady's favor, he saw no reason for admitting her suite. The lady, however, just glanced over her shoulder at Amantius, and saying "I will take it upon myself," passed on, and the curtain fell behind her and her attendants.

When the echo of their footsteps had died away, Hylas said, "I would give anything if she were refused admission. How I should enjoy seeing her come back!"

"A mother can always visit her daughter," answered Amantius.

"But she is only foster-mother to our illustrious mistress."

"She has been a real mother in all care and tenderness."

"O, I dare say she laid her plans from the first, and foresaw all along that the most noble Eudoxia would fill the place she does."

"No, Hylas, no," said Amantius

gravely, "such a thing would have seemed a sheer impossibility."

"She managed to make it possible, anyhow!"

"Wrong again; it was not her doing."

"Who did it, then?"

"Eutropius."

Hylas stared at the speaker incredulously for a minute, and then he said in a still lower voice, "All Constantinople knows that between Eutropius and the empress there is —no love lost."

"And yet the facts are as I say, and all Constantinople knows that too. Only it is not talked about, because the Consul is not popular."

"Not popular! that is a mild expression. Eutropius not popular, indeed!"

As Hylas raised his voice a little, the third chamberlain caught the words, and said, "I beg your pardon, he is uncommonly popular with his friends."

"He has not got any," growled Hylas, "only creatures and accomplices."

"As you please: they swear by him all the same. Witness Leo the wool-carder, and Alexander the sausage-dealer, whom he has made commander of the cavalry and imperial treasurer."

"If I were Augustus, the whole lot of cattle should soon be sent packing," said the indignant Hylas. "I wonder he didn't set the sausage-maker's daughter on the throne; it would have been more in his line."

"Other motives, other influences were in the ascendant in those days," returned Amantius; "and besides, the deepest plotter is outwitted now and then."

"Heaven send we may see such an event in the case of Eutropius! You are to be envied, Amantius, for remembering a time when he was not the principal person in the empire."

"The principal person!" said the third chamberlain, in a puzzled tone,

"why that can only be the illustrious Arcadius."

"Quite right, Theophanes. Hylas lets his tongue run rather fast, but he knows that as well as you or I. And you need not envy me, Hylas; every day brings its own cares."

"Still the time of the great Theodosius must have been worth living in—a man who carried the world and its cares, like Atlas, on his shoulders! Come, I am determined on having a story of some sort. Tell us something about him and the saintly empress Ælia Flaccilla, your first mistress. That's the way you got all your goodness; example's everything!"

"If I had followed hers, I should have considerably more goodness, Hylas," and Amantius went on to speak tenderly and reverently of Flaccilla, her many virtues, and her early death. It was by her wish that he had remained in the service of her young son Arcadius, who was only eight years old at his mother's death, though he had worn the purple as Augustus for two years. Arcadius had always honored his mother's faithful friend, and by his command Amantius was attached to the household of the Empress Eudoxia.

"Go on, Amantius," said Hylas presently, "we have come to none of the cares you spoke of yet."

"Do you believe in none but personal sorrows, you selfish Hylas?" said Amantius playfully, and he went on to tell of the second marriage, with Galla, sister of Valentinian, the Emperor of the West, of the murder of her two gallant nephews, Gratian and Valentinian the younger, and then of the death of the great Emperor himself in the prime of life.

"So it all ends," said Hylas,—"death at last for all, emperors and beggars! with this difference, that beggars do not get murdered."

"Which is the best off, then," asked Theophanes, "the beggar who lives to old age, and dies as poor as

he has lived, or a Cæsar Augustus, who is cut off in all his glory by the hand of an assassin?"

"I do not admire extremes," answered Hylas, "I am for something between the two."

"Hark!" whispered Theophanes, "she is coming back. It has been a short visit."

The lady looked displeased and out of sorts, and the folds of her mantle, or shawl, as we should call it, were less carefully arranged than usual. She passed through the suite of antechambers into an arcade which surrounded the inner court, where her litter-bearers, six gigantic Cappadocians, all clothed in dark blue, and all of the same height, were lounging beside a sparkling fountain which fell into a deep basin of porphyry. On the appearance of their mistress, they hastened to bring forward a costly litter of cedar inlaid with ivory, and when she had placed herself on the silken cushions, the slaves bore their burden with swift elastic tread through the network of streets leading from the palace to the harbor, till the whole train vanished from sight in a stately dwelling overlooking the Bosphorus.

CHAPTER II.

THE LORD OF THE EAST.

THE century which was just closing began with Constantine, and drew to an end with Theodosius. Now, in its last year, Arcadius, a youth of two-and-twenty, ruled from the Adriatic to the Euphrates, from the Danube to the cataracts of the Nile. I say he ruled these fair lands, but an unworthy favorite ruled him. Everything was bought and sold, justice, place, honors, every one cringed to the favorite, and avarice, luxury, and self-indulgence were the idols to which sacrifices were offered, as many and costly as when the old heathen temples were thronged with votaries. And yet Arcadius was not a bad, not even a frivolous young

man. He was gentle and pious, and pure in life, but of a character so inconceivably weak, that he seemed incapable of independent action, and was all his life ruled by others, less from want of understanding than from weakness of will. It must be hard, certainly, to turn out good for much when one has been an emperor from one's childhood, and consequently treated with the slavish idolatry with which Orientals honor their masters; it must be difficult to strengthen a character which has never known opposition, and a heart which has never been visited by those heavenly messengers—trial and sorrow. He lost his mother too early to mourn for her; still, young as he was, she had laid the foundation of firm Christian principles, and he preserved them with fidelity at least, though their fruits were scanty. His father was rarely with him, and his tutor, Arsenius, a man of high and noble character, disgusted with the courtly atmosphere in which his influence was powerless, left the palace for the desert of Thebaid. Just now, Arcadius was in anything but a comfortable state of mind, for the breach between his consort and his favorite widened daily, and he could not propitiate the one without irritating the other. He loved his beautiful Eudoxia passionately, and believed in Eutropius as the most faithful of his servants; and now she fretted herself ill over the insults which she endured from this all-powerful favorite, and revenged herself on the emperor. For three days she had been invisible, even to him; the palace was in confusion, the emperor in despair.

It was sunset on a fair summer's day: Arcadius walked restlessly up and down a hall open to the west and looking out on a scene of matchless beauty. The Hebdomon Palace, which he occupied, lay at one end of Constantinople, landwards, and on an eminence; at the other end was the Palace of Constantine on

the spot where the Bosphorus falls into the Propontis, and between the two lay the imperial city in the arms of the sea. Beyond the Bosphorus spread the blooming Bithynian coast, with Chalcedon in the foreground, and in the background Olympus with its diadem of eternal snow. But Arcadius saw nothing of all this lavish loveliness; the setting sun shone in vain for him, though it lit up the glittering pinnacle of the Bithynian Olympus till it gleamed like a ruby between heaven and earth; and though the little islands which dotted the Propontis showed like jewels in a silver basin, they won no glance from the moody emperor. And that fair land of Bithynia called up thoughts of Tribigild the Goth, who had raised a revolt in Asia Minor, and of Leo, the incapable general who had been sent against him. Nothing but strife and tumult in the palace and empire—with friend and foe; he might well be moody and perplexed, poor Arcadius! A different man would have made an effort to get out of all these difficulties—would have done something—taken some step, even if it were a wrong one. But Arcadius did nothing; he just let himself go helplessly with the stream. His appearance was lacking in dignity, like his character; we all know the charm which a high and noble spirit can give to the homeliest features, but no such light redeemed the plainness of the emperor's. He wore a tunic of cream-colored silk embroidered in gold, and the short purple boots which were the especial insignia of imperial dignity, and which, by the way, a thousand years later, revealed the fate of the last Roman emperor of the East. At the taking of Constantinople by the Turks, Constantine Palæologus fell, and a heap of bodies covered his; later, when he was sought for on all sides, the purple boots told the tale. Presently a fine stately-looking man appeared on the terrace, and Arcadius beckoned

him to approach. It was Elpidius, a relation of Theodosius, and like him a Spaniard. "Well, Elpidius, how do matters stand?"

"Reports differ, most illustrious; the Phrygians are said to be in arms. Whether for or against the Goths is not certain."

"O those eternal Goths!" said the emperor, impatiently. "I am weary of their name—I meant *your* affairs, Elpidius."

"Mine!" and the large brilliant eyes flashed with light; "look yonder, my emperor! Olympus there bears her name, her beauty, and her icy coldness."

"There is *one* difference, Elpidius; Olympus is bright with rosy light, and her life is clouded by sorrow."

"She can alter it all with a word, but she will not; such obstinacy is insupportable in a woman, and which is worse still, it is audacious insolence to you, my lord and master."

"Not so—Olympias has a noble heart, and is incapable of insolence. Elpidius, I pity her; do you think this is the way to gain her consent?"

"I think, most illustrious, that Eutropius expressed your sentiments in saying that Olympias gives a dangerous example by lavishing her fortune on churches, monasteries, and hospitals. Will not numbers follow it, and withdraw their property from the use of the state to spend it in excessive almsgiving? It is in the nature of women to run to extremes, and it is for their good to check them, and save them from the regrets which would come in time, if they were not restrained. *Were* not these your own sentiments, most noble Arcadius?"

"Anyhow," said Arcadius evasively, "it seems hard that such a woman as Olympias should not have perfect liberty as to her property and her person. She has always been a virtuous and a high-minded lady, and it is treating her like a child or a fool."

"Pardon, most illustrious, if I repeat that she is guilty of disrespect to you in rejecting me, her equal in birth and riches, and favored, too, by your gracious recommendation of my suit. Thousands would feel honored by it, and she rejects it."

"But with what humility!"

"In words, I grant it; but words and deeds are often in startling contrast."

"Not with Olympias; have you forgotten how she acted when deprived of the disposal of her fortune till her thirtieth year, and placed till then under the guardianship of the prefect of the city? She wrote to thank me for my considerateness, saying it might save her from the vanity and self-seeking into which it is easy to fall when giving large alms. I tell you, Elpidius, I think her an admirable creature, and I want to know if you have any hope of gaining her consent; if not, would it not be more reasonable and more generous to cease from this persecution of a defenceless woman?"

"As you will, most illustrious," answered Elpidius with assumed calmness, "but if I withdraw my suit, it must be on condition that you will graciously announce your determination to Eutropius, in order that Olympias may be really free."

"I look at the matter from a different point, my friend," Arcadius answered rather nervously; "the first step should be taken by you, and I beg you to signify to Eutropius that you are weary of your thankless suit, and desire that Olympias should be altogether free."

"Pardon, once more, my lord; but even if in obedience to your wish I consented to speak falsely, it would, as you well know, have no weight with Eutropius, who will obey none but you; spare me, therefore, the useless mortification, and settle the matter yourself with him."

The emperor groaned inwardly at the thought of his utter helplessness

with regard to the favorite, and turned the conversation, awkwardly enough, back to the subject of "the eternal Goths" and his incompetent general Leo, and then dismissed Elpidius as soon as he decently could. The composure of the latter was only external, inwardly he was burning with indignation against Eutropius, whom he suspected of having, for ends of his own, changed the emperor's sentiments towards Olympias. "He wants to get rid of me, the shameless villain, and then to bring some accusation against her which will put her fortune in his power," he thought. Elpidius was wrong; it was not Eutropius, but Eudoxia, to whom the emperor's state of mind was due, not, however, intentionally on her part. He was forcibly struck by the contrast between her way of resenting a slight, and the quiet submission with which Olympias bore an unheard-of injustice, and he was possessed by the idea that the best way to gain the help of heaven in a reconciliation with Eudoxia would be to do justice to Olympias. But how was he to manage with Eutropius, now that he could get no help from this proud Spaniard?

CHAPTER III.

A RETROSPECT.

THE great Theodosius had no more valiant or trustworthy general than Bauto the Frank, and at the emperor's desire he brought his wife and child from Trèves to Constantinople, and spent with them the short snatches of repose which those warlike times afforded. He was a man of cultivated mind, as well as a brave soldier, and was very fond of his gifted and beautiful child; but neither he nor his wife lived to see their bud unfold. His wife died soon after coming to the East; she pined away in homesickness for the hazel-bordered banks of the Moselle. Bauto commended his orphan daughter to the care of his brother in

arms, the consul Promotus, for there were consuls still, though mere shadows of the old republican consuls, and their dignity was much desired though little revered. It was no safeguard, however, to Promotus, for he had for his enemy a man so high in the emperor's favor that, though a barbarian of low birth, he had attained the highest dignities of the empire and was appointed regent of the West, when Theodosius had to be in the East, and while Arcadius was still a child. This man was Rufinus, now prime minister in Constantinople. In the emperor's presence, only his valuable qualities came out, and Theodosius prized his acuteness, courage, and boundless loyalty. But the people hated him for his avarice, and the nobles for his arrogance. Once, in a dispute with Rufinus, Promotus was so far carried away by anger and contempt as to strike the *parvenu* Gaul in the face. That blow was the ruin of Promotus. He was sent to Thrace to put down an insurrection, and Rufinus took care that he should never return; he was attacked by an ambuscade, and slain.

His widow Marsa continued her motherly care of Bauto's orphan, and took the greatest pains with her education. She was thoroughly instructed in the doctrines of the Christian religion also, and under different influences would have been a noble character. But instruction is only one part of education—the other, and most important, is example. Marsa had no higher aim than worldly success and *éclat*. She spent the greater part of the day in her dressing-room, surrounded by a crowd of attendants. Ladies of rank and fashion never appeared in public at this period except in a robe and mantle of pure white, with a purple gold-embroidered hem; only women of inferior rank and doubtful repute wore colored dresses out of doors. But the ladies consoled themselves by wearing all the colors of the rain-

bow in their own houses or in the country. Marsa changed her mind a hundred times before her toilette for the day was chosen. Then another engrossing employment was the purchase of ornaments for her person and her apartments. Next came visits to or from other ladies, or to the circus, or perhaps to a church if there was to be a sermon by some famous preacher, so that she was fully occupied all day, and went to rest at night perfectly satisfied with herself. This was how Marsa and her special friends, Eugraphia and Castricia, passed their lives, and this was the atmosphere in which the orphan Eudoxia grew up to youth and beauty.

The great Theodosius died, and the child Honorius was Emperor of the West, and Arcadius, a boy of sixteen, of the East. His father had made Rufinus his principal adviser—in reality he was absolute ruler. His avarice and ambition were boundless, and now without restraint. This weak boy was not Theodosius! Rufinus aimed at nothing less than the Imperial crown, and as a preparatory step, planned his daughter's marriage with the young emperor. But though he was the master, he was not the favorite of Arcadius. That place was occupied by an Armenian freedman, who began his career as a groom in the imperial stables, and gradually got to be a sort of underling among the palace servants. He was gifted with a serpentine faculty for twisting and turning, and creeping through narrow and crooked ways, which stood him in good stead now, so that at last his attention to his duties, his eagerness to obey a word or a look, drew the notice of the good-natured and unsuspecting Arcadius. Eutropius petitioned to be advanced from the wardrobe-room, which had hitherto been his post, and placed amongst the emperor's personal attendants. The petition was granted, and the game won. Rufinus, in his

haughty arrogance, never noticed the little viper lurking in the shadow of the throne, and strode on in his path of tyranny and oppression, followed by the curses of rich and poor. The time seemed now ripe for carrying out his project for his daughter's advancement, but Arcadius had as little admiration for her as liking for her father, and of late Eutropius had been incessantly sounding the praises of another young lady, whose beauty and intellect he described as matchless. By cunning and bribery of every kind, he managed to procure Eudoxia's portrait, which had all the effect on Arcadius which his favorite hoped; he fell desperately in love with the beautiful orphan's picture.

When Rufinus returned from a distant expedition, he found the court and the whole city in a state of excitement and preparation for the emperor's marriage, the day for which was fixed. Strange to say, the bride's name was unknown. Arcadius said not a word; so far did the influence of Eutropius extend, who had resolved to feast his eyes on the utter ruin of the powerful minister. No suspicion was in the mind of Rufinus; he was a severe husband and father, utterly regardless of the treasures he possessed in wife, daughter, and sister, who were among the noblest of women, and who sought by a life of tears, prayers, and works of mercy, to make daily reparation for his life of injustice and oppression. He ordered his wife to dress her daughter in a manner suited to the imperial bride whom the messengers of the emperor would come to receive. Sylvina, her mother, and her aunt Sylvia, had no desire for such a dizzy elevation, but they obeyed without question or complaint. Besides, to reject the wooing of a Cæsar Augustus was simply impossible. The day came, as lovely a one as ever smiled over the Propontis; a crowd was assembled round the palace of Rufinus, and the in-

terior was thronged with courtiers anxious to be amongst the first to greet the emperor's father-in-law. The procession began to move from the imperial palace, led by Eutropius, the lord chamberlain. Several pages carried the bridal presents uncovered, so that all could see and admire—strings of pearls, milk-white and rose-colored, emeralds, diamonds, jewels of every kind and hue, piled up in costly profusion in golden baskets, stuffs of many dyes and richest texture, phials of transparent Egyptian alabaster filled with perfumes of fabulous cost; these and many a priceless gift besides were borne onward as the train wound through the streets, to stop—so all expected—at the palace of Rufinus. But at a signal from its leader, it halted before Marsa's dwelling, the doors of the court were flung open, and the brilliant procession vanished from the sight of the gaping and bewildered crowd.

Rufinus listened with swelling heart to the surging sounds of thousands of feet drawing nearer and nearer and nearer; suddenly, all was still—what did it mean? Some little accident, perhaps—some little obstacle in the way. "But no! there was no sound of advancing feet—all continued silent, and the moments went slowly by. Then, like a thunderclap, burst upon his ear the shout with which the crowd greeted Eutropius as he came, without the bridal presents, forth from Marsa's palace. Eudoxia herself was overwhelmed with astonishment, Marsa with delight. "It is like a dream," said the young girl, as she stood looking with bewildered eyes on the treasures heaped around her.

"Are you not glad, lady?" asked one of her attendants. "I should be out of my senses with delight."

"We are different, my poor Aglæe," said her mistress, quietly. "All these things are very beautiful, but I shall not enjoy them till I am empress."

"Yes, when the East is at your feet!" cried Marsa, triumphantly. "But, come, girls, and let us adorn our empress; in a couple of hours the ceremony takes place at Sancta Sophia."

When they were alone, she embraced her adopted daughter tenderly, saying: "How little did Promotus think, my Eudoxia, when first he took you to his home, that you would one day revenge him on his deadliest enemy."

"Yes, *that* is something worth being glad about. But it is not *my* doing; it is the hand of God, and I shall never forget that your loving care has been the means of placing me on the throne of the East."

Eudoxia became the bride of Arcadius. The first few weeks went by in the whirl of excitement which was natural to her sixteen years; then came some drops of wormwood in her cup of nectar. Arcadius loved her passionately and entirely; why, then, was she only his consort, and not Augusta? It rested with the emperor to declare his son Augustus, or his wife Augusta, and Arcadius had not so honored her! Her title was only "most noble;" she felt this more bitterly on hearing that after their father's death, the imperial brothers had declared their little half-sister, Galla Placidia, Augusta. What did it mean? Whose influence withheld the title? She had not yet learned what fetters held the weak indolent Arcadius prisoner.

"Patience, most illustrious," said Eutropius; "when the most noble Eudoxia has given you a son, then she will have earned the title of Augusta."

"What has that to do with the question?" asked Arcadius, discontentedly.

"Much, my lord and emperor; for if, unhappily, the most noble Eudoxia has no son, it would be easier for her to retire into her former position, before bearing the higher title."

"Are you mad enough to suppose that any reason could part me from her?"

"Even a Cæsar Augustus has a duty to his people," answered the favorite pathetically. And the great word "duty," which was an empty sound to him, was powerful with the pious emperor, and he remained silent.

It must not be supposed that Rufinus had forgotten the past; he thirsted for revenge—revenge on a grand scale—revenge on the emperor himself. He entered into a secret conspiracy with the Goths, who, under generals of their own, formed divisions of the imperial army, and were far more devoted to these generals than to the emperor. In this way, Rufinus hoped to gain the purple. But the spies of Eutropius were on the watch, and the treason Rufinus meditated was his own ruin. The Gothic leader, Gaïnas, found it more to his interest to act for the emperor in concert with Eutropius than with the disappointed plotter. Gaïnas was returning from the West after conquering Abrogastes, and according to custom the emperor met the troops at the Golden Gate of the Hebdomon Palace; his court surrounded him, Rufinus was at his side, bolder and statelier than ever; there, at the feet of the horror-struck Arcadius, Gaïnas gave him his deathblow.

The murder was unpunished; Eutropius and Gaïnas had clear proofs of the treason of Rufinus, and the people hailed them as deliverers from the tyrant they hated. Their joy, however, was short-lived, when they learned more of the character of his successor. Rufinus was at least a man of ability and courage, who filled his office with dignity, and could speak and act in a manner worthy of it. But Eutropius!—he was not only hated but despised, and by no one more than by the young empress. It was plain to the favorite that the day which should see her

admitted, as Augusta, to a share of sovereignty would be the last of his power, and so his own aim was, at all events, to delay its coming.

Eudoxia spent unheard-of sums in dress and jewelry, but they were never too great to be supplied by the favorite; she might hate him, but he would make himself useful, indispensable to her. Yet she wept tears of rage over her diamonds. One day Marsa found her weeping, with a splendid coronet lying before her. "Tears!" she said, "with such jewels before you!" and she was

about to place them on Eudoxia's rich blonde hair. But she turned away, with the passionate exclamation, "It is not the diadem of the empress! It is worthless in my eyes!"

Then came bitter disappointment. Twice she became a mother, but not of a son. In a melancholy and thankless spirit she received her second daughter, little thinking that on her alone of all his descendants, would rest the spirit of the great Theodosius; that child was Pulcheria, the Saint in the purple.

THE OCEAN BED.

UNTIL within the last few years the favorite belief entertained regarding the bottom of the sea, even by scientific men, was that it consisted of an immense and dreary waste. Light, it was thought, could not penetrate its depth of waters, and the superincumbent weight would seem to render it impossible for life to exist under their pressure. It is true that poets sang of coral caves and their mermaid inhabitants, but this was pure fiction.

A few years ago the bottom of the sea was required for telegraphic communication, and practical men devised ingenious methods of ascertaining the material covering of the bottom of the North Atlantic. They laid a telegraph cable across it, and when the cable got broken they went back to the spot and fished up the end easily from a depth of nearly two miles.

In the year 1860 the cable laid between the island of Sardinia and Bona, in Algeria, was taken up, having been seriously injured. Forty miles of cable were picked up, and with these much coral and many marine animals were brought up at-

tached to it. A list of fifteen animal forms was given which had been found at depths of from 70 to 1200 fathoms.

The question of the existence of animal life at great depths had previously been attracting much attention, but this seemed something like a proof of it. Star-fish had, it is true, been brought up from soundings of 1200 fathoms "convulsively embracing a portion of the sounding line," but there was no proof that they had attached themselves to it while resting at the bottom; they might have been caught on the way.

The objectors doubted if it were possible that animal life could be maintained under such circumstances of light, pressure, temperature, and aeration opposed to them, and these facts had to be searched into until doubt became certainty.

The bottom of the sea must be dredged. Power and skill to make the experiment were provided by the Admiralty. It was found that the operations could be carried on, not with so much ease, but with as much certainty, at a depth of 600 fathoms as at 100, and in 1869 they were

carried down to 2435 fathoms, 14,610 feet—nearly three statute miles, with perfect success.

Dredging in such deep water is very laborious. Each haul occupies seven or eight hours, and demands the most anxious care. The labor of taking up more than three miles of rope is very severe. But the thing is possible, and it must be done again and again as years pass on, by naturalists of all nations, working with improved machinery and ever increasing knowledge. For the bed of the deep sea is not a barren waste, it is inhabited by a fauna more rich and varied on account of the extent of the area, and with organisms in many cases apparently more elaborately and delicately formed, and more exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of coloring, and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence, than the fauna of the well-known belt of shallow water, teeming with invertebrate forms, which fringes the land.

Convinced that the land of promise for the naturalist, the only remaining region where there are endless novelties of extraordinary interest ready to the hand which had the means of gathering them, is the bed of the ocean, Professor, now Sir Whyville Thompson, urged Dr. Carpenter, with whom he was carrying on some interesting researches on the coast of Ireland, to employ his influence to induce the Admiralty to give them the use of a vessel, properly fitted with dredging gear and necessary scientific apparatus, in order that many heavy questions as to the state of things in the depths of the ocean might be definitely settled. The correspondence with the Admiralty which ensued was most satisfactory, the gunboat "Lightning" was placed at the disposal of Dr. Carpenter and Professor Thompson in the summer of 1868, for a trial cruise to the north of Scotland, and afterwards, the "Porcupine," for the wider surveys which were

made in the summers of the years 1869 and 1870.

The result of the dredging showed the immense abundance and variety of organisms which occupy or inhabit the bed of the ocean, as well as their extraordinary forms, habits, and wonderful beauty of structure and coloring. For the uninitiated we may mention: starfish, echini or urchins, moving, as the kind so common on our shores does, on their curious spines, both in immense numbers; corals, sponges, shells—pecten, trochus, fusus, and others of classes with which we are familiar, though of different kinds—and silicious sponges similar to the beautiful cornucopia-shaped euplectella now brought in such numbers from the Philippine Islands.

The dredge will bring up more than two hundred weight of the ocean's bed, which all over the Atlantic consists of gray mud, formed of the calcareous shells, whole or in fragments, of the Globigerina bulboides. Affixed to the dredge there are half a dozen bundles of untwisted hemp, and in these "tangles" a great amount of animal life either attaches itself to the hemp or is caught by it. When the enormous weight is hauled on deck the interest as to its freight is intense. As the dredge-bag is emptied and the tangles examined, sea fans resplendent with a pale-lilac phosphorescent light, small urchins which sprinkle the tangles with stars of a brilliant green, starfish, new and undescribed, sometimes of bright shades of red, the vitreous sponges to which attention has been so lately called, shells, and an immense number of curious creatures, hitherto unknown.

Dredging has been performed to a depth of 2435 fathoms, and living creatures have been brought up from that depth. The average depth of the ocean bed does not seem to be more than 2000 fathoms, 12,000 feet, and there is no reason to believe that any part of the ocean bed is

left without its inhabitants. Of the conditions of life of these creatures we cannot judge, but it is a curious fact that the animals brought up in the dredge from beyond a depth of 1000 fathoms are always dead or very sluggish. Some of them move feebly, but it is evident that they have received their death-shock. Off the coast of Portugal there is a great fishery of sharks carried on beyond the depth of 400 fathoms. All the sharks brought up by the long lines from 500 fathoms in Setubal Bay are dead when they reach the surface. These facts lead to the conjecture that the immense pressure of the water in which they live does not

interfere with the well-being of the animals for which it is a dwelling, but is, on the contrary, necessary for their existence.

The return of the "Challenger" after a three years' cruise, undertaken with a view to scientific discovery, and among other great objects that of deep-sea dredging, has promoted the investigation of the ocean bed in a manner scarcely hoped for by the scientific explorers, at the head of whom was Sir Whyville Thompson himself. In due time the result will be published in full, and we look forward to the most interesting details in connection with this subject.

SOME FRENCH CHURCHES.

THE IMPRESSIONS OF A EUROPEAN TOURIST.

THE cathedral of Rheims, one of the most beautiful and most famous of churches, more than satisfied every expectation I had formed of it. In fact, nothing can well be more beautiful or majestic than its west front. It consists of three magnificent portals; over them a great rose window, between two-light windows; then a row of niches crowned by a gable and flanked by two of the most elegant and majestic towers I have ever seen. Each face has a two-light window, and at each corner an attached octangular turret, each free side having a one-light widow. But for the tautology, I should have inserted the word "tall" before nearly all these items. I could not have supposed it possible to combine so much slenderness and grace with such an absolute absence of weakness. The design was intended to have open-work spires; but I am not certain that it was not a fortunate accident which prevented the design from being completed. As in the

case of the Angel Tower of Lincoln, these towers have a piquancy as they stand which compensates for whatever else they may have lost. Wonderful as the west front of Rheims is, it has a serious blemish; for the architect, instead of frankly treating his rose as a rose, has put it in the framework of a window of the English type, which it touches at the bottom and on either side. Now, Gothic is no doubt patient of a good deal of rough treatment, but one thing it abhors, and that is to have an arch blocked up and something else stuck into it. Hence this grand rose window looks like a complete botch. The flanks of the church are not less beautiful than the west front. There are rows of buttresses not dissimilar in plan from those of Westminster, but immensely larger, and each enshrines a colossal statue. They lead to transepts, less ornate but scarcely less beautiful than the principal *façade*. Each of these transepts was intended to be flanked by two tow-

ers, but they have not been carried above the roof; and the central *flèche* is also wanting. Nevertheless, it is hardly possible to imagine an exterior so thoroughly satisfactory and so charming. It is a small thing, perhaps, but I was specially delighted with the parapet, which consists of a row of tall shafts carrying a series of gabled arches. The interior seemed to me much finer than that of Amiens. It is a little larger than Westminster, some ten feet wider, and seventeen feet loftier. It is in fact very like Westminster with what Mr. Ferguson considers its faults corrected; that is to say, the height is proportionately a little less; its supports are stronger, and there is, I presume, a better arrangement of the *chevet*, inasmuch as he specially praises the general arrangement of the eastern part. Nevertheless, I did not find my devotion to Westminster in the smallest degree shaken. To be able to produce and to maintain so solemnizing an effect upon the mind as the Abbey invariably does when the visitor is capable of such impressions, and to do this with the expenditure of so much less material, is indeed a triumph for Catholic art. The triforium at Rheims as at Amiens is a mere arcade in front of a blank wall. The clerestory windows on the north side are filled with stained glass, but on the south they are blocked up, probably on account of the restoration which is in progress. The ceiling is colored blue, and is overdone. In fact, the French are not happy in their use of the paint pot upon Gothic. A particularly ludicrous effect has been produced by their treatment of the capitals, which, it may be observed *en passant*, instead of being cut boldly into bells, consist of three or four rows of foliage like the curls on a barrister's wig. These capitals are painted a rich drab, and convey the idea that they have been put in charge of a careful gardener who has done them up in matting to protect them from the

cold. Rheims has another grand church, the Abbey of St. Remi. Here was kept the Sainte Ampoule, which was used at the coronation of the kings of France, and which, notwithstanding the sack of the church at the first revolution, mysteriously reappeared when it was wanted for Charles X. The monastery was founded by Archbishop Turpin, and till 1793 contained the bodies of Carloman, Louis d'Outremer, Lothaire, and twenty-five metropolitans of France. The tomb of St. Remi, or Remigius, who is commemorated in the calendar on the 1st of October, has escaped, and was reconstructed in 1803. It was Remi who baptized Clovis, and used the famous words, "*Incende quod adorasti, et adora quod incendisti.*" If it were not for the cathedral St. Remi's would make Rheims well worth a pilgrimage. It is the only considerable relic of the round-arch style in Frankia, and is a very stately edifice with a west front differing in many respects from that of any Norman church elsewhere.

From Rheims my next journey was to Paris. Notre Dame a little disappointed me. The west front does not seem open to the charge often brought against it of being "heavy;" but on the other hand it did not strike me as so impressive as I had fancied would be the case. The east end has been greatly admired; but the flying buttresses are a positive deformity. They have no more beauty or picturesqueness than the timber struts which we sometimes see employed to shore up buildings of doubtful stability, and the plan of converting the space between each pair of buttresses into a chapel, and so obliterating all external protection in the lower story, gives great tameness. The interior is even less effective. There are practically triple aisles, on each side; that is, two aisles proper and the chapels between the buttresses. The result is that in place of a "dim religious

light," there is, even in the middle of the day, a most depressing gloom. The nave is exceedingly poor, the arches have no mouldings, but a simple *boutel*, and both the triforium (which is a regular lighted gallery) and the clerestory are remarkable for the thinness of their detail. The transepts have singularly fine rose-windows.

The day I spent at Rouen made me heartily glad. It is no mere fossilized reminiscence of the middle ages. It is a large and thriving commercial city, and there has of late years been an enormous replacing of picturesque *slums* with handsome modern streets. The west front of the cathedral by no means equalled the idea I had formed of it from Turner's sketch. Parts of it are wonderfully fine. Nothing can exceed the elaborate beauty of the southern tower or the graceful simplicity of the northern, but as a whole the thing is a failure. This arises from the position of the towers outside the aisles, and the want of anything like symmetry between them. The result is that the *facade* has no unity of design. In fact, it does not look like a single composition at all. The interior, too, is not quite satisfactory, the triforiums opening into the aisles, as at Rochester. On the whole the cathedral must yield the palm to St. Ouen, a church which in many respects exceeds the vaunted Westminster Abbey. In point of exterior effect, it altogether eclipses the Abbey, for, besides the elegance of its detail, it can boast of a beautiful central tower crowned by an octagonal lantern. Nothing, in fact, can be more charming than the views which are to be obtained from the east, where the church is surrounded by gardens and trees. The west front, however, did not much impress me. The steeples have an octagonal story interposed between the tower and spire, a plan which would impart a misshapen look to any design. The great door-

way is made up as usual of shined statues, and the great rose-window, which I had so much admired, altogether lacks repose. The interior of St. Ouen, measuring from the west door to the apse, is of very nearly the same dimensions as those of Westminster, but it is scarcely so impressive. There are several other churches in Rouen well deserving of notice—three of them, at least, being desecrated—but I have only space to mention the curious and very rich west front of St. Maclou, and the lovely staircase of spiral tracery work which leads to the organ gallery. The Palais de Justice is hardly less deserving of notice than the ecclesiastical buildings. On the whole, it was with no small regret that I had to tear myself away from this most interesting and picturesque old town.

As regards religion, there were many things that struck me as decidedly laudable. A French parish church is commonly much larger than an English one, but only the nave is railed off and seated for congregational worship. The aisles form an ambulatory leading to the chapels, which are commonly numerous and are greatly used for private prayer.

In conclusion; I should like to say how favorably impressed I was with almost everything I saw in France. I never encountered a drunken man, nor did I see vice flaunting itself anywhere in the face of day. With the exception of a few picturesque-looking Edie Ochiltrees, who were maintained at the doors of the cathedral, I saw no beggars, save on the way to the church of Notre Dame de Bon Secours, a pilgrimage on the heights behind Rouen. As to Paris, no trace remained either of the German or of the Communist occupation. To be sure, there were a good many extensive building operations going on, but there was nothing to remind the stranger either of bombs or of

petroleum. Everybody seemed happy and contented, and though the papers were full of Jules Simon, there were no indications of popular agitation. If Paris wanted a motto, "*Mox reficit rates*" would suit her passing well, but the one she actually pos-

sesses is, perhaps, better—"*Fluctuat nec mergitur*"—which may be Englished by a slight alteration of a well-known Shakesperean couplet—

"Though the barque be tempest-tost,
Yet it never can be lost."

THE RIEDER ALP.

THE Rieder Alp has at present scarcely had justice done to it as a place of residence for a week or two during the travelling season. Its position is rather a difficult one, lying as it does about midway between the Hotels of the Eggischorn and Belalp, both of which establishments are more ancient and upon a somewhat grander scale than that of the Rieder Alp. Comparing the three, it may be said that that of the Belalp occupies something of a mean between the other two; that of the Eggischorn is decidedly the grandest, that of the Rieder Alp decidedly the most humble; but the humility of the last mentioned is such as is entirely consistent with comfort, and nothing can exceed the civility of the present landlord and the whole of his family and staff.

Comparing the three stations on grounds more important, a good deal may be honestly said in favor of the Rieder Alp. It may be questioned whether the near view, looking across the Rhone valley, is so striking from the Hotel du Rieder Alp as it is from either of the others; but the situation of the first-named has several special advantages, of which I may mention the following:

The Rieder Alp Hotel is placed upon a large plateau, which may be described as approximately, but only approximately, horizontal. This is

a great gain to persons not of the strongest kind, who may desire exercise near home. Small walks with charming views abound in all directions.

Then the plateau itself is exquisitely adorned with the most various and most beautiful flowers. I have seldom seen such masses of color; it is a rich hayfield, in which ninety per cent. of the future hay is composed of flowers fit for a garden; a perfect delight for the eye to look upon.

The chief mountain object is the Mischabel, which stands up in all its glory as one of the princes of Swiss mountains, and is flanked and supported by the Fletschorn. These are the principal snow mountains visible from the inn itself; but a few yards' walking brings in the Matterhorn, and an easy excursion in almost any direction gives you the magnificent picture of the Mischabel and Weiss-horn, standing up like two opposing giants, with the Matterhorn between them. The Mischabel eclipses Monte Rosa from view when on the plateau, but by rising upon the hill so as to see the view just mentioned, you may see the summit of Monte Rosa, and the Cima di Jazzi peeping over the shoulder of Mischabel.

Overlooking the plateau is the Riederhorn, a picturesque but not very elevated point. It can be

reached without much difficulty, and the excursion over it, with a return through the forest, well repays the trouble it costs. It may be observed that here, as in some other cases, you have, as it were, three degrees of comparison—*Ried*, *Riederalp*, *Riederhorn*. *Ried* is the village below, half way down to Mörel; *Riederalp* is the grassy slopes above, where the cattle and goats feed in summer, and where the natives live in their summer chalets; and *Riederhorn* is the high peak which dominates both the one and the other. So we have close by *Betten*, *Bettenalp*, and *Bettenhorn*.

An easy walk of less than half an hour takes you to the col under the *Riederhorn*, from which you see the lower part of the great *Aletsch Glacier*, the *Ober Aletsch Glacier*, and the *Belalp*, a charming view within the reach of almost every one; and you easily drop down to the glacier, which you may cross without difficulty, and then with a good pull find yourself at the *Belalp*. But the finest walk is to be found by mounting the ridge behind the hotel and walking along it towards the *Bettenhorn*. The ridge runs parallel to the glacier; in fact the hill at the back of the *Rieder Alp* forms one of the sides of the valley in which the *Aletsch Glacier* moves; and walking along the ridge you have a grand view of the glacier, and of its skirting mountains, and its moraines running up the valley for miles. The heights of the *Bernese Oberland* are just concealed by the nearer mountains, in consequence of the sudden twist, almost at right angles, taken by the valley opposite the *Eggischorn*. In ascending this ridge a natural phenomenon may be observed which probably is well known to naturalists, but to many will appear as strange as to myself. There is a small pool in the rocky side of the hill, covered with a substance which lies upon it like duckweed upon an English pond, but it is of

the color of blood. The first impression made upon the mind of a passer-by would almost certainly be that the pool had been used as a place of slaughter. The blood-colored covering of the water, however, is said to be due to a certain animal which inhabits the pool, and which the peasantry know by the name of *ross-nagel*, or horseshoe-nail, which article the creature is said to resemble in form. A peasant who accompanied me one day tried in vain to find a specimen; he described it as a very ugly, amphibious creature, having a red belly, a dark back, and a tail. So far as I have seen, the pool in question is the only one in the neighborhood which the *ross-nagel* honors with his presence.

The *Hotel Jungfrau*, or *Eggischorn Hotel*, is within an easy walk of two hours; the path runs nearly on the level, with the exception of a col of about seven or eight hundred feet on the other side of the *Bettenalp*, and it is full of beauty, both from the mountains above and the valley below, the whole way. I ought to add that a pleasant day can be spent under the direction of a guide upon the *Aletsch Glacier*. The glacier may be approached conveniently by crossing the ridge of which I have already spoken, and may be followed without difficulty as far as the *Märjelen See*, and the return journey made *viâ* the *Eggischorn Hotel*.

Close by the *Rieder Alp Hotel* is the little village church, the only stone building on the Alp, and by its side a chalet in which dwells the *curé*. There is a church in like manner at the *Bettenalp*. The church is very neatly kept, although decorated in the Swiss style, so far as regards ornament. It is very pleasant to hear the bell morning by morning; and one cannot fail to be struck by the manner in which the peasants observe the Sundays. The day is not merely one for going to an early Mass, but is evidently

regarded as a genuine day of rest : all seems as quiet as a village. The church like every other building is deserted in the winter, and the *curé* takes refuge in the valley.

The Rieder Alp has not at present the benefit of a telegraph office, but it has a daily post conducted by a small boy and a trusty donkey, who arrive from Mörel about noon, and return about three. The donkey is of further value in the establishment, as carrying up the daily supplies of food for the residents in the hotel. It may be added that the ascent from Mörel to the Rieder Alp occupies about three hours, and must be performed either on foot, or on pony back, or in a chaise-à-porteurs, of which the first method is cheapest and best ; luggage comes on the backs of porters, who may be found in abundance at the Hotel Eggischorn, Mörel, the cost per porter being 4f. (by tariff) and trinkgeld at discretion. The Rieder Alp may also be reached from Brieg, but this is a longer journey ; in descending, however, the Brieg road may have its advantages.

The habitable period of the Rieder Alp is very short. The whole plateau is deep in snow during the winter, and the migration of the

peasants sometimes (as in the present year) does not take place from the valley till the beginning of July ; it is never earlier than the middle of June. They begin to retreat in September, and by the end of that month have returned for the winter either to Ried, or to Mörel, or other places in the valley. The Alp appears to be divided into several commons, upon which there are rights of pasture : the rights belong to the owners of land in the valley, and these send out their cows and goats under charge of herdsmen, who watch them during the day, and drive them home to the various châteaux at milking-time. There are châteaux upon the pastures for the shelter of the cattle during the night, as even in summertime the nights are cold at an elevation of seven or eight thousand feet.

The landlord, I believe, has it in view to enlarge and improve his hotel, but as things are now, if the weather only be fine (and that is a condition necessary for the enjoyment of any similar spot), travellers who desire a week or two of mountain air and quiet mountain enjoyment can scarcely do better than take up their quarters at the Hotel du Rieder Alp.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

MGR. CHATARD, the President of the American College at Rome, is now on a visit to America, and has made several appeals in its behalf in our great cities. He delivered a most interesting lecture on the famous Church of St. Clement, at Rome, before the members of the Catholic Club of Philadelphia, and was entertained by them afterwards.

THE Archconfraternity of our Lady of Perpetual Help was established in Philadelphia, at the church of St. Bonifacius, Norris Square, where the Redemptorist Fathers are doing a great work.

The German Catholics of America owe a great debt of gratitude to the Redemptor-

ist Fathers. The first band arrived here in 1832. In 1848 they commenced giving missions, and have given over *one thousand* from then to 1876. In Philadelphia they have St. Peter's and St. Bonifacius churches, and in all the great cities their congregations are noted for their great size, for the zeal with which they are conducted, for the abundant spirit and facilities afforded to them, and for the good schools attached to the parishes.

THE Apostolic Delegate will visit New York city next month. The priests of New York, Brooklyn, and the neighboring dioceses, who were educated at All-Hallows

College, Ireland, will give the delegate a grand reception.

The career of Bishop Conroy, of Ardagh, in Canada, has been most successful. He has succeeded in calming down animosities and in establishing a better state of affairs. We hope that New York will give him a grand reception.

AMONG the recent receptions at the Vatican, was that of a deputation from Florence charged to present to the Holy Father the plans for completing the *façade* of the Duomo. The deputation was composed of three members of the committee for restoration of the Duomo, namely, Marchese Antonia Gerini, President; Commendatore Emilio de Fabris, architect, and Signor Cesare Barsi, secretary to the Duomo Committee. The Holy Father showed a lively interest in the explanations of the Duomo plans, and gave not only a handsome contribution in gold, but also presented a beautiful mosaic to the committee, representing Raphael's *Madonna del Foligno*. The Pope authorized the committee to dispose of the valuable mosaic for the benefit of the Duomo fund. Audiences have been given daily in the Vatican.

It is the fashion with Protestants to abuse Italy because she is Catholic, and for some Catholics to abuse it because at present the government is a bad and impious one, and a usurper dominates in the Eternal City. To the latter we have frequently pointed out that the *politicians* of Italy are one thing and the population of Italy another. That the faith is alive and active in Italy, not only in the country districts and in small towns, but even in the great cities, repeated evidences and numerous facts testify.

THE *London Saturday Review* seldom descends from its high pedestal of satire and lofty indifference to pay compliments, and least of all to Catholic prelates. Yet concerning the late Cardinal Sforza, of Naples, it says that he "endeared himself to his flock by his devoted services to the sick and dying" in his cholera visitations of 1854 and 1857, and that he spent *all his resources* on the sick and dying.

Of Bishop Moriarty, of Kerry, it also speaks well, and lauds his good discipline, his liberality, his exertion for religion in Kerry, and his cathedral at Killarney, designed by the younger Pugin.

ST. FRANCIS DE SALES, Bishop of Geneva, and lately declared Doctor of the Church Universal, is proposed as the patron Saint

of Catholic journalism by the *Unita Cattolica*, of Turin.

No better patron could be proposed for the imitation of Catholic journalists. His qualities of sweetness and moderation were such that he did good and not harm to all who were brought into the circle of his influence. He was an angelic man and true saint and patriot.

FOR many years Mr. Gladstone has been actively engaged in public life, and has contributed in the course of his political career to carry out many measures materially affecting Ireland, and yet it is only in this year of grace, 1877, that he has visited what is called sometimes the "sister isle." His visit is a private one, and he is not received with any cordiality. No Englishman is popular in Ireland, and least of all any man who, like Gladstone, has distinguished himself by violent assaults on the Catholic Church.

ON Sunday, November 18th, the strong fortress of Kars, in Asia Minor, was captured. The way is now open for an attack on Erzeroum or Trebizond, or an advance down the valley of the Euphrates, as may be determined by the Russian commanders.

This great success is the immediate result of the defeat of Mukhtar Pasha's army, and must tend to exhilarate the Russians and encourage them to push the siege of Plevna, which is already surrounded and must surrender sooner or later to famine.

WHEN Catholics in these United States begin to come together more than they do now in unions, societies, and clubs, and when these begin to work in earnest instead of merely passing resolutions in their annual conventions, they may get an idea from the Catholic Congress of Bergamo in Italy, and its programme. We just now mention a few out of the many subjects discussed, which are just as applicable to the United States as to Italy.

1st. The establishment of conferences for young men under spiritual directors, so as to combine them in common objects for the advancement of religion.

2d. The establishment of reading-rooms and libraries in which Catholic works can be procured, Catholic information obtained, and which will be centres of Catholic work and Catholic society.

3d. Organization for the purpose of securing Catholic rights now withheld, such as, for example (in this country), justice to the Indian missions and reservations, equal rights in education, defence of the rights of Catholics in prisons, almshouses, houses of

refuge, etc.; the reformation and gathering in of poor boys now wandering like Arabs in the streets of the cities, Catholic chaplains in the army, and scores of other good objects.

4th. To promote, advance, and defend the Catholic press, so that it may become a power in the land, that the political parties (whose main rule is expediency) may fear, and so that it can counteract the daily slanders of the secular press by daily refutations.

5th. The establishment of art schools, and the encouragement in every way of artistic tastes and of Catholic art in America.

6th. The establishment of some systematic support for Catholic hospitals, houses, orphanages, etc., etc., so that they may no longer depend on chance contributions or lectures delivered by eminent men.

7th. The promotion and encouragement of ecclesiastical music.

These are only a few of the many subjects which are being discussed by the Catholics of Italy, and on which they are taking vigorous action.

ON Thursday, November 15th, the grand Triduum in honor of the canonization of the second saint directly connected with the New World, Marie Guvart, in religion Marie de l'Incarnation, was brought to a close in the chapel of the Ursulines, in Quebec. The first and only one up to this time was St. Rose, of Lima.

She was born in 1599, and died in 1671. Two years ago the first steps were taken to bring about her canonization, and a vast quantity of evidence as to the utter blamelessness of her life and the miracles said to have been worked through her, was submitted to the commissioners appointed by the Congregation de Rites Sacre to investigate the matter. The chiefs and warriors of the Hurons forwarded the letter herewith translated to the congregation, by whom it was received with marked favor, and presented to the Holy Father, who wrote the Hurons a very kind and sympathetic note:

Most Holy Father, and greatest of all but our Father which is in heaven:

We, the chiefs and warriors of the Huron tribe, are the least of thy children, but thou art the representative of Him who said, "Let the little ones come unto me."

Holy Father, in the heart of our forests the Reverend Mother Mary has called us to teach us the knowledge of the true Master of Life.

Our hearts she has taken in her hands, and laid before the Almighty as a harvest of fruits she had gathered.

From her we have learned gentleness; the wolves and bears have licked her hands.

Her hands have written on our hearts the sign of her faith; it remains graven there.

Many moons have passed. Then our nation was great; now it is vanishing away.

One last drop of Huron blood is left us; but if that drop could adorn the heavenly crown of Mother Mary of the Incarnation, with all our heart would we offer it.

Prostrate at thy feet, etc.

Father Benjamin Paquet, of the University of Quebec, appeared before the commissioner, on behalf of the deceased, and so strong a case did he make out, that on the 15th of September last, when the congregation met in the Vatican to hear the report of progress of the commissioners, Father Laurent Salvati, who appeared for the devil, threw up his brief and consented to a decree for canonization. This was issued in the name of the Holy Father, by Cardinal Bilio, Prefect of the Congregation, on the 20th of September (the 238th anniversary of her landing at Quebec), and after the usual formalities, forwarded to that city. The ceremonies have been on a magnificent scale, the Ursuline convent being crowded night and day for three days.

THE following item, which we clip from the Ave Maria, is so good and so apposite, that we feel impelled to give it as wide a circulation as possible:

"Until recently, Protestants have not blushed to assert that the ancient Church knew nothing of devotion to the Mother of God, and that such 'superstition' and 'idolatry,' as they were pleased to call it, dated only from the fifth or sixth century of the Christian era. Recent excavations in the catacombs at Rome have brought to light a number of representations in fresco and marble, showing the adoration of the three Oriental Kings, or Magi, and the Blessed Virgin is represented as the Queen of Heaven, seated upon a throne, holding the Divine Child in her lap, and receiving for him the gifts of the three kings. This has naturally confounded our non-Catholic brethren very much, since their gratuitous assertion is thus clearly refuted by a work of art made in the very first ages of Christianity, as early as the second or third century. But, as a drowning man will catch at a straw, the stiff-necked dissenters still maintain that in this representation of the adoration of the Magi it was impossible to omit the figure of the Blessed Virgin, since it necessarily belonged to the group, but that from the presence of such a figure devotion to the Blessed Virgin could in no sense be inferred. Alas for them, even this slender argument has fallen to the ground. More recent excavations in the catacombs of St. Sebastian have unearthed another group, a

representation of the Nativity of our Saviour, in which the Blessed Mother appears independently as an object of veneration and devotion. What will Protestants say now? Will they have still the hardihood to assert that the Church of the Catacombs was a stranger to devotion towards the Blessed Virgin?"

SISTER MARY AGNES, of Madison Convent, New Jersey, died on November 9th. The deceased lady occupied a prominent position in the Order of Charity since its first establishment in the State of New Jersey. On the completion of her novitiate, in Cincinnati, in 1857, she united herself to the little band of devoted sisters who, at the desire of the late Archbishop Bayley, had volunteered their services for the important work of instituting in the diocese of Newark, to which he had been recently appointed, this useful and beneficent organization. She was the first accession to the religious community, which then consisted of only four members and now comprises over three hundred.

It now possesses twenty-five parish establishments, and conducts a great number of parochial schools.

THE Catholic Church has to face, in intelligent communities, a host of foes armed with new weapons, unknown in former ages. When the countries bordering the Mediterranean were considered to compose the world, and all the rest of it was confounded in one common idea of barbarism, when the earth was supposed to be a flat plain, and the sun and the stars were supposed to shine for it alone, when confident assertion was taken in lieu of proof, and when all who denied or doubted the principles and doctrines of Christendom were looked upon with suspicion, when all these conditions were present, it might be plausibly alleged that the fact of Christianity being accepted as the true religion was no proof of its truth.

All these conditions were present during the Ages of Faith. Although then as now, there were heresies, for no age of the Church has been free from them, yet heresy was regarded with horror; a horror of which we, in these modern and easy-going ages, have no idea of. As a rule, all Europe—that is, all known civilization—accepted Christianity and revered the sovereign Pontiff and the clergy. All beyond Christendom was unknown.

But look at the present state of the world. History has been so extended that we know that the old Roman empire, instead of being the "*Orbis terrarum*," the whole world, was only a comparatively small part of it; that "Ancient History" is not only the his-

tory of Rome, Greece, Egypt, Assyria, but comprises also the history of India, China, Siam, great and obscure empires in America, and extinct peoples, whose very names are unknown. Astronomy has informed us that the earth is a mere spot in the universe, and that the sun and stars are immense beyond all idea. Ethnology brings all the races and tribes of men before us, and informs us of their average mental capacity. Chemistry, and its kindred sciences, daily give us fresh information concerning matter and tissue.

All these sciences are used by the enemies of Christianity against it, and all of them are made to furnish arms to disprove the belief in the unity of man, the reality of his fall, the responsibility of human actions, and the existence, not only of a future state of rewards and punishments, but even of God and of his creation of man.

And yet, incredible as it may seem, there are Catholics who do not see any use in answering these objections, and who pass by with indifference as not "interesting," answers to those men. Let such remember that if *they* are full of faith, there are doubting and agonizing souls who are *not*. There are those sinking who cry out: "Save us, we perish!"

THE Carthusian monks are restored to England. On Tuesday, October 16th, the first stone of the church intended for the monks of the order of St. Bruno, the establishment being a branch of the celebrated Grand Chartreuse of Grenoble, France, was laid by the Lord Bishop of Southwark.

Down the centre of the marquee used for the ceremonies, ten zinc shields were hung, having emblazoned on them the arms of former English Chartreuse monasteries. They were as follows:

Totnes, Devonshire, 1383, founded by William de la Touche; Ingleby, Yorkshire, 1396, founded by Duke of Surrey; Witham, Somersetshire, 1181, founded by Henry II; Hull, Yorkshire, 1378, founded by Earl of Suffolk; London (or Charter House), 1371, founded by Sir Walter Manny; Beauvale, Notts, 1342, founded by Lord of Ilkstone; Henton, Somersetshire, 1222, founded by Earl of Salisbury; Axholm, Lincolnshire, 1395, founded by Duke of Norfolk; Coventry, Warwickshire, 1381, founded by Richard II; Shene, Surrey, 1414, founded by Henry V.

The monastery, when finished, will have a most imposing appearance, the façade being surmounted by a spire which will tower to the height of 160 feet. This spire is not connected with the church, but the façade forms the part of a large hall or court, through which the church is reached. The church will be 140 feet long by 30 feet broad. It will consist only of a choir, with

three altars, and stalls for forty priests and eighty lay brothers. The style is to be plain Romanesque, vaulted with solid stone. The architect, as has already been mentioned, is Mons. Normand, architect to the Order in the north of France. The extent covered by the buildings will be eighty acres; the grounds comprise in all four hundred acres. The cost of the ground and of the buildings will be close upon \$800,000.

THE Catholic Lyceum of New York is, without doubt, the beginning of a great metropolitan Catholic interest, and its inauguration here was not undertaken one day too soon; for, on the young men depends the future of the Catholic Church, as well as of every other church in this country. If the Catholic youth of the United States remain faithful to the Church they will be true to every high moral principle, fit to train children for God, their country and their fellow-men. They will thus prove a blessing to the republic and to the Church. It is the duty, as it should be the privilege, of every Catholic in New York to interest himself and herself in all that contributes to the education of the Catholic young men.

New York is said to be the third largest city in the world. Certainly it is high time for a Catholic population of 500,000 people to have in the city an institute and hall worthy of their faith and numbers. Now, it is the object of the Young Men's Catholic Lyceum, and they are actively exerting themselves to establish such an institute and hall in some central location, and they appeal to the Catholics of New York to assist them in this work. They are laboring under the direction of a priest, and have the hearty indorsement, as already stated, of the highest ecclesiastical authority in this archdiocese. Their work is for all classes, and their aim is to guard and educate Catholic young men, and thus preserve them from that spirit of irreverence which at times, under the guise of liberty, is more worthy of the name of lawlessness and license. They do not seek, as they say in a circular, simply to make a headquarters for social pleasure and amusement, but rather to advance the cause of moral and intellectual education. In the year 1876, the centennial year of the Republic, the Lyceum inaugurated a Catholic lecture course. They also had in their parlors, for themselves and their friends, a most interesting course of lectures on Church history, followed by a second course on literature, its power and mission.

The Young Men's Catholic Lyceum commenced its labors here in May, 1876, with eighty members; its present membership is nearly one hundred and fifty, showing what a hold the enterprise has taken upon the

young men of the city. The property owned by the Lyceum is a substantial brown stone house, well appointed and furnished in a way that bespeaks comfort and the sanctity of a Christian home. The property is valued at \$31,000. In answer to the question, Do the members of the Lyceum mean work? they wish their brethren to bear in mind that all their members are hard-working Catholic young men, depending on their daily labor for their subsistence. From their little savings and unremitting toil they have given generously for the establishment of this hall and institute, the necessity of which has been so long felt by Catholics generally, and Catholic young men in particular. Eleven hundred dollars were generously expended by one member in the work of preparation for this foundation; one thousand dollars were contributed by another; some hundreds and some fifties by others; and finally, the sum of eight thousand dollars was sunk in the purchase and the appointment of their house by one who feels a deep interest in the welfare and Catholic education of young men. On this sum advanced to aid the general work, they have not been asked to pay interest during the past year, and will not be asked to pay interest this year. Despite the hard times, this large sum has been largely paid in; over sixty per cent. has been paid in various sums of one thousand dollars to fifty dollars, and even less.

THOSE who take an interest in sobering the Irish people will read with peculiar interest the words of the Bishop of Ferns, addressed to his flock in view of the approaching festival of All Saints. His lordship, after pointing out the evils of intemperance, gives some practical advice as to the best means of checking it. "We can all of us," he says, "in some way contribute to this great and desirable good. We can do so by our prayers, by good example, and good advice—by ceasing to encourage certain practices and usages which have helped in no small degree to introduce and perpetuate drinking habits amongst us. Let us cease to incite others to drink, to challenge each other to drink more and more, to give round for round of drink. Let us honestly begin to discountenance, at least, some of the drinking customs which eventually, through their admirable social and generous dispositions, have brought so many of our people, at home and abroad, under this soul-destroying vice. Let us no longer assemble our friends around the innocent newborn babe to drink. Let us henceforth consign to their last resting-place the remains of those who were dear to us, without dishonoring either funeral or wake with drink."

THE Dominicans have always labored to promote the Devotion to the Holy Rosary, and have established in many places confraternities of the Most Holy Rosary, or rather branches of the great Roman confraternity, giving to pastors, with the diploma of aggregation, power to have Rosary processions and to give to beads the Dominican indulgences.

But these privileges imposed one responsibility, which, to pastors of large congregations, was rather burdensome. They themselves were bound to write the names of members in a register kept for that purpose; otherwise the applicants would not receive the Rosary indulgences.

Some time ago the director of the Rosary in the Dominican church, New York, applied to the most reverend Vicar-General of his Order, in Rome, to obtain for directors of the Rosary the privilege of empowering a trusty layman to write the names of members in the Rosary register. He is happy to be able to inform those priests in charge of branches of the Dominican Rosary confraternity that this privilege has been granted on this condition, however, that the director writes his name on the bottom of each page of the register.

ON Wednesday, October 31st, Rev. T. Burke, C.M., Superior of the Lazarists of

St. Vincent's Church, St. Louis, died. He had resided in that city twenty-two years.

Rev. Thomas Burke was born at Golden, county of Tipperary, Ireland, on the twenty-first day of December, 1808. After having made his preliminary studies in his native country, young Burke went to Italy, where he joined the society of Lazarists, in Rome, in the year 1834. In the year 1836 he left Rome and came over to the United States, when he was ordained priest at St. Mary's Seminary, Barren, Perry county, Mo., in 1837, by the first bishop of St. Louis, Monseigneur Rosatti. From this period of his ordination Father Burke's life has been a scene of continual usefulness. His first post of mission, after leaving the seminary at Barren, was at the St. Charles Seminary, in Philadelphia, Thither he went with the Rev. Mariano Maller, his old friend, who arrived in this city last Thursday, but too late to catch the friendly smile that otherwise would have greeted him from his former companion. Father Burke was in Philadelphia till 1844, when he was removed to St. Vincent's College, at Cape Girardeau, in this State, at which place he held the position of procurator to the institution. He remained at the Cape till the month of October, 1847, when he returned to Barren, Mo., just ten years after his ordination.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

NEW IRELAND. By A. M. Sullivan, Member of Parliament for Louth. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1878.

The history of Ireland has a fascination about it which belongs to that of scarcely any other country. Other peoples have been oppressed, and other lands laid waste for centuries, but the records of their miseries and their struggles lack some of the elements which give to those of Ireland their deep and tragic interest; and these peculiar elements and features belong as well to the history of Ireland in the present century as in past times. An account, therefore, of the political and international struggles, and of the changes in Ireland during the last thirty years, written by one who was not only a close and keen observer of events as they transpired, but also an influential actor in them, and to a certain extent a shaper of them, cannot well fail to be intensely interesting as well as instructive.

The work does not profess to be a formal history, nor to describe all the changes,

social and political, which have taken place in Ireland during the period mentioned, and which, as the author justly remarks, have "accomplished a veritable revolution," but to "supply chiefly from personal observation a series of sketches or narratives" that may "assist in the readier and more correct appreciation of visible results."

In regard to the exact correctness of the author's views of political measures, and of transactions connected with them, there is room for different opinions according to the point of view from which readers regard them. Indeed, it is scarcely possible for a writer who, like the author of this work, has been closely and intimately identified with most of the changes described, to depict them without unconsciously giving them the color of his own personal views and feelings. He himself is fully conscious of this, for he says in his preface, "I do not pretend to be dispassionate; I have borne—as will be seen in what follows—an active part in some of the stormiest scenes of Irish public life for

at least a quarter of a century, and I wish to hold my place as a man of decided views and strong convictions. I trust, however, it may be found that I have taken thought of the responsibilities which devolve upon one who attempts a contribution, no matter how humble, to the histories of his time, not to controversies of politics or polemics."

The work is admirably written as regards style, and the narrative of events clear and intensely interesting. The remarks upon the social and political condition of the Irish people, and the relations of the different classes and divisions that exist among them, show penetrative perception and thought. The history of the Fenian movement is sketched at considerable length and detail, and it would be well if it were studied by the Irish people in this country, and their friends, that they understand how little confidence in, and sympathy with it, the great body of the Irish people have always had, and how utterly futile all *such* movements must necessarily be to improve the condition of Ireland under any aspect.

Mr. Sullivan is a Nationalist or Home Ruler, and whatever judgment be passed upon the correctness of his opinions upon measures and events, there can be no doubt of his sincere and ardent attachment to Ireland and to the Irish people.

MINIATURE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. For every day in the year. Edited by Henry Sebastian Bowden, of the Oratory. Two volumes. New York, Cincinnati, and St. Louis: Benziger Brothers. 1877.

These volumes are made up of short accounts of the Saints (one for each day in the year), which were printed on single leaves, with a grace or virtue appropriate to each printed on the reverse. They were first undertaken to supply the Brothers of the Little Oratory in London. The face of each leaf contains a simple outline of the Saint's life, in which great care seems to have been taken to secure historical accuracy. The reverse bears as its title a virtue characteristic of the Saint, and comprises an exhortation, a maxim of the Saint or of some spiritual writer, an illustrative anecdote, and finally a text from Scripture. Each section is intended to enforce the lesson taught by the life, much as the lections, chapter, hymn, and antiphon of the Breviary narrate the history, extol the virtues, and implore the suffrages of the Saint to whose office they belong.

In following out this plan it was found necessary to deviate frequently from the ecclesiastical calendar. When the feasts of two or more Saints fall together, the life of one only is given on the proper day; the others are relegated to the first subsequent

convenient date. The feasts of our Blessed Lady, fixed or movable, have been omitted, because Mary is the perfect model of every virtue, and the necessary patron of all Christian souls.

The Saints, though one in their sanctity, vary in their history, in their conditions during their lives on earth, in their individual gifts, and in their characteristic graces. It is, therefore, eminently conducive to edification, to study their lives and meditate upon their histories and characters separately. To promote this pious habit these volumes are published. There is also a more specific design in their publication, which is to promote the pious practice of selecting by lot, or in some other way, a Saint as special patron during each month, invoking him daily, meditating on his characteristic virtues, and striving to follow his example. The use of these little volumes will be an efficient aid to persons who cultivate this pious practice.

THE CHRISTIAN REFORMED IN MIND AND MANNERS. By Benedict Rogacci, of the Society of Jesus. The translation edited by Henry James Coleridge, of the same Society. London: Burns & Oates. 1877.

This work is the result and fruit of Father Rogacci in giving retreats. It was written towards the close of his long and useful life. It is one of a series of meditations in which the whole substance and system of the exercises of St. Ignatius are worked up, though not precisely in the form of the exercises themselves.

These meditations are designed not only for Religious, but for all classes of persons. The author supposes the persons using them to be able to give not more than eight days to a retreat, and has arranged his matter accordingly. He gives four meditations for each day, and also an introductory meditation, and at the end a meditation on the selection of a state of life for those whose state is not yet fixed; but he tells us that it was his own practice not to give more than three meditations a day to those whose retreat he directed, with some practical considerations in the afternoon, helping to a reformation of life. In the work before us these considerations are supplied by a number of practical reflections, one of which the author would have the persons making the retreat read each day at the time of the consideration.

The learning and ability of Father Rogacci, his fervency, large experience, and success as a spiritual director are so well known, and all his works have acquired such an established reputation for clearness, solidity, and general excellence, that it is needless to say that the one before us is a most valuable addition to English Catholic devotional literature.

